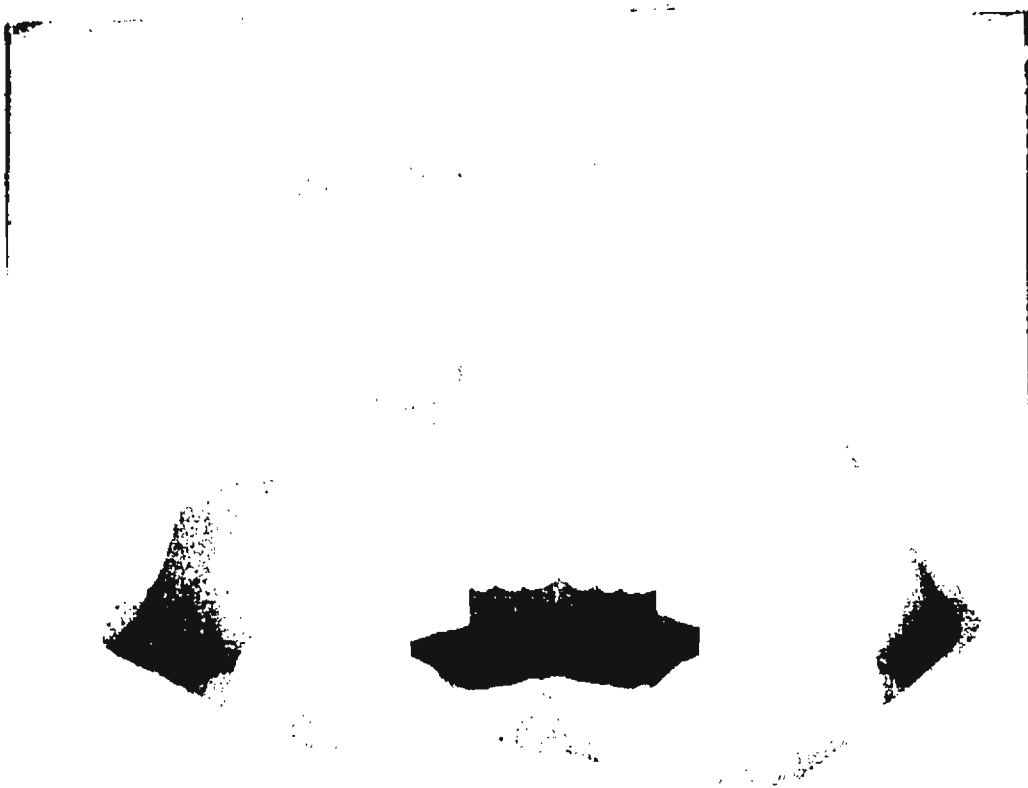


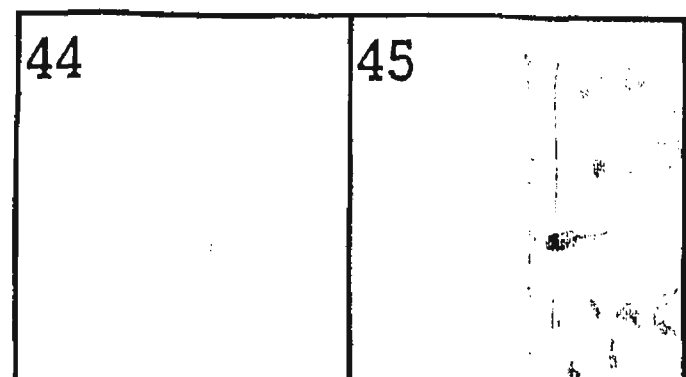
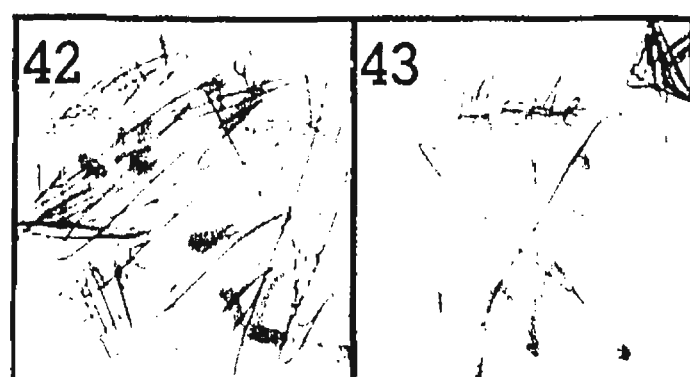
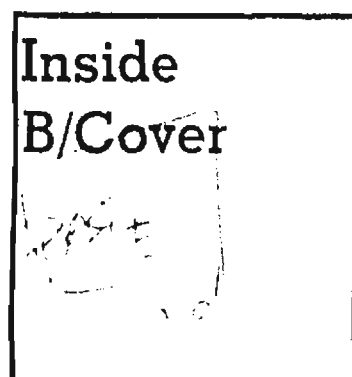
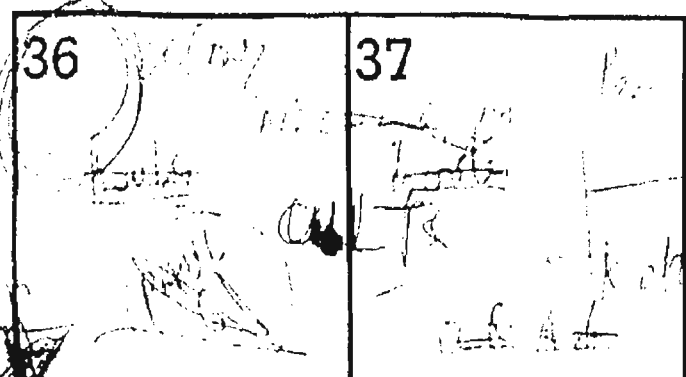
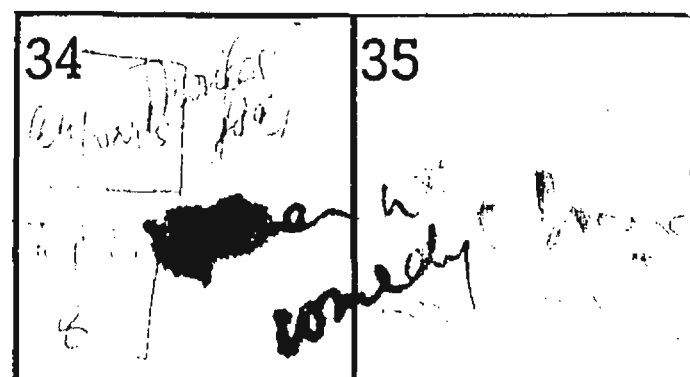
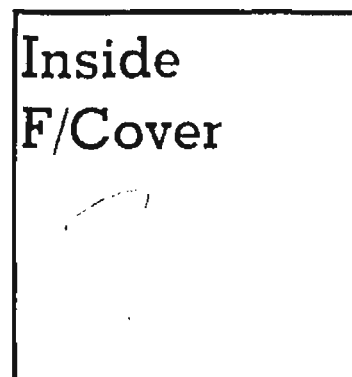
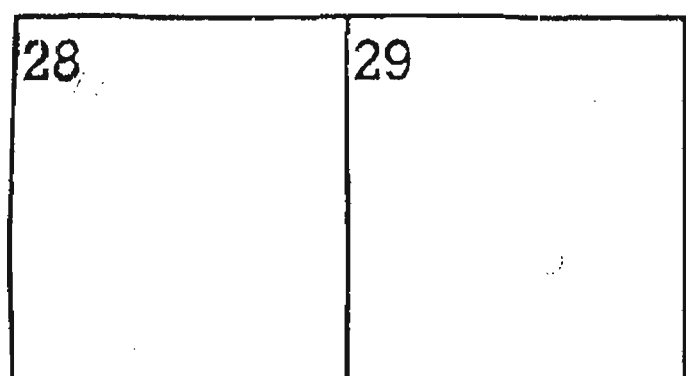
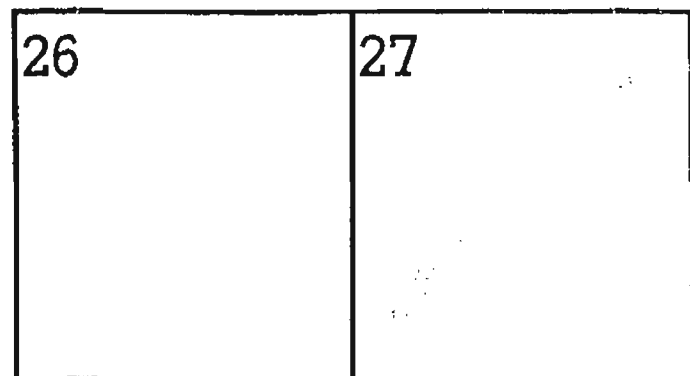
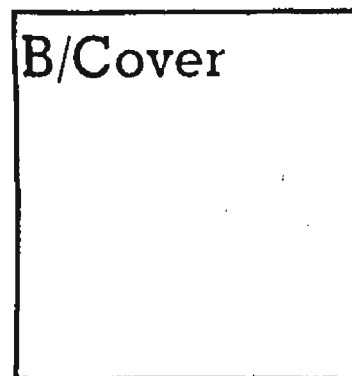
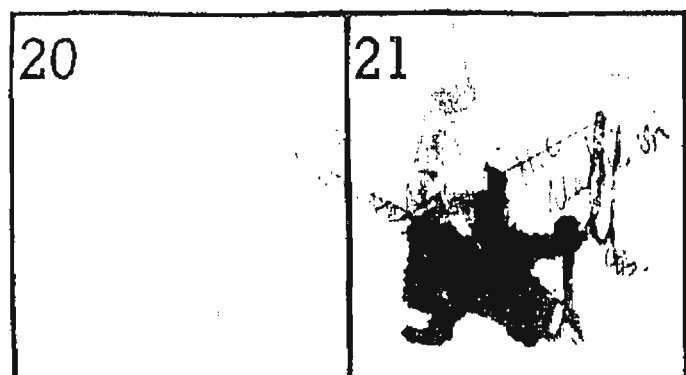
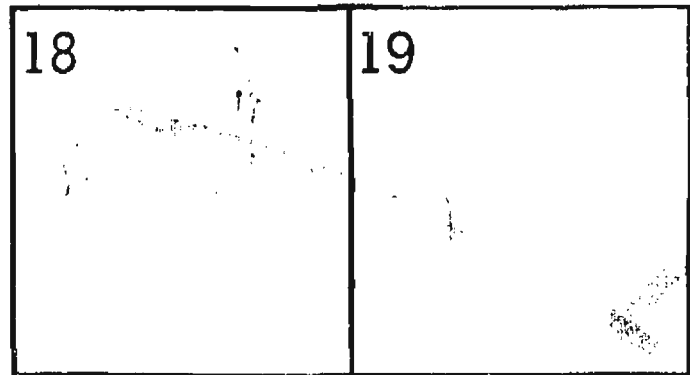
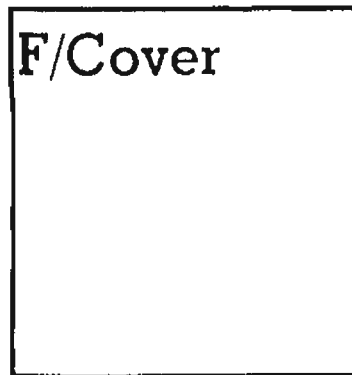
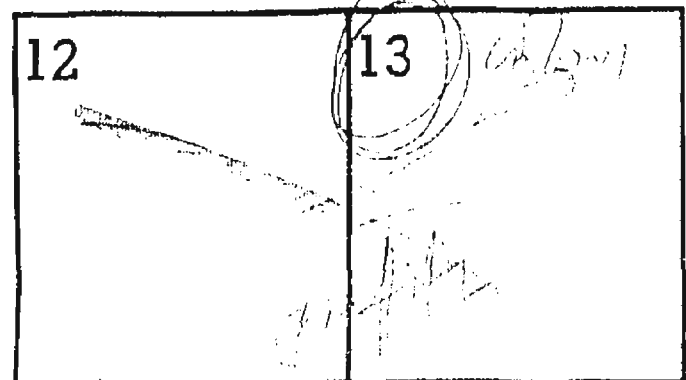
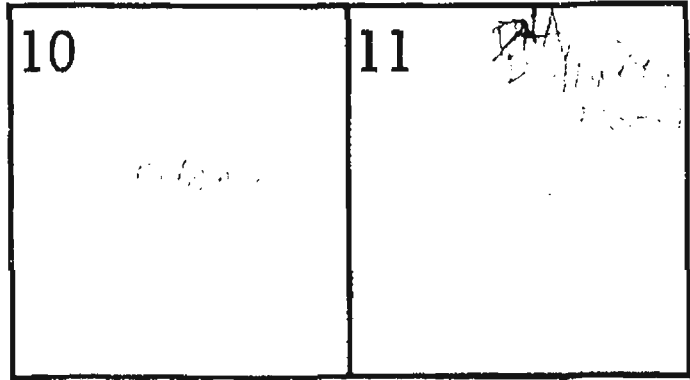
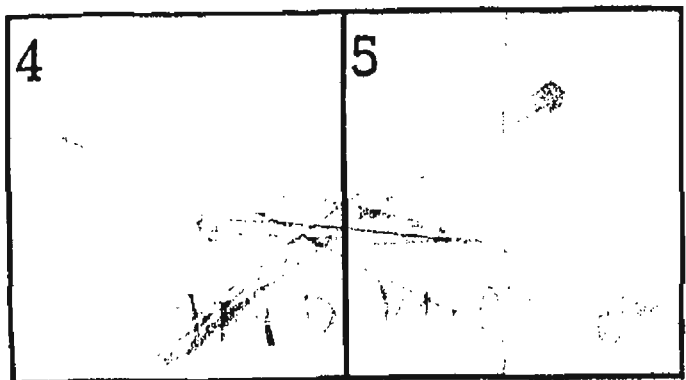
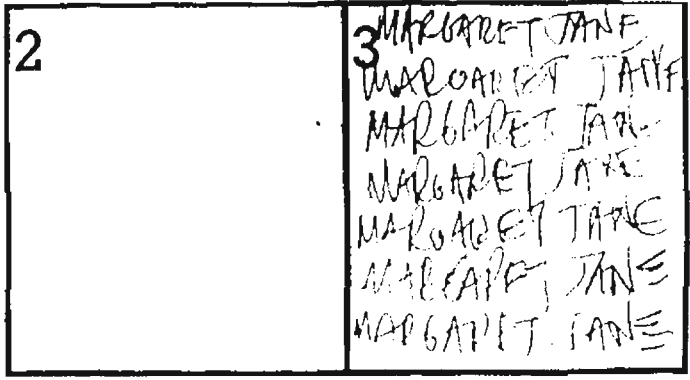
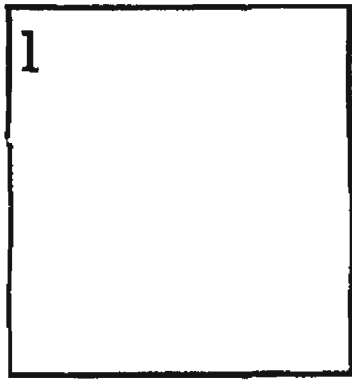
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Books

Books

Books

semper is published by the UQ student union

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46 picture	47 picture	48 CASS picture

6

Editors:
Jane Daniels
Margaret Smithurst
Semper is designed by
Margaret Smithurst

cover picture supplied by Jenny Hart, from her kids' record collection



this page
the page before
the two pages after

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6. Fear of Hacked Planet Tim Mansfield & Ted Phelps
10. Human Genome Project Larry Croft & Francis Clark
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14. GST Matt Carter National Environment Mark Horstman
16. Landing the mine Andrew Duguid
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Film---Cds
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38. Powder Her Face Patricia Kelly
48. Cass Selwood

life generally doesn't get any better than this
so take that on board

lines help

You'll just have to learn to ignore it

Editors,
In response to Tony Blain's
'obvious solution': (see semper 4)

Before I begin, I should let you know that I shall try to refrain from explicitly belittling you...Nope. I can't do it. I have to know - are you a misogynist creep or just plain stupid? 'Cause it is

rather hard to tell given your 'obvious solution'. 'Obvious' alright. Obviously bloody stupid.

Yes, I am a woman. And proud of it. And yes, chances are that at some stage in my career I will leave and have children. However, I don't see it as 'throwing [my] career away' as you so eloquently put it. On the contrary, in my profession (secondary teaching), raising children will be an 'obvious' advantage. I for one won't be going into 'maternal oblivion'.

But so what if I did? This is a choice that I alone will make and not have some government bureaucrat dictate to me. We girls have fought hard to be allowed access to equal education. Each one of us has also had to work twice as hard to prove that we are at least half as good as our male peers at school. I worked my ass off to get where I am today and I'll be damned if your 'obvious solution' letter sends women back fifty years.

Keep your right arm, Tony, and grow up. The more time you spend feeling bitter about your lot in life, the less time you have to fight for real causes.

Get over it
Yours faithfully,
Veronica Alcorn

Dear Editors,
I'm speechless. I can only hope that the letter written by Tony Blain and published in Semper 4 is his idea of a joke! His accusation that women graduates "throw their careers away" to disappear into "maternal oblivion" after receiving a job is pure tripe! How dare this man advocate more uni places to men to counter the "problem".

He takes us back to the beginning of the century when educating women was considered a waste of time. The real issue here is that not enough fathers are taking time off from work to help raise their children. My husband has 2 small children who live far away, and upon trying to take four days off to be with them, he was treated like a joke by his male colleagues.

And as far as Blain's pre-tentious notion that women have a "curious habit" of enrolling in courses like Humanities with no job prospects, I can assure him that as a Masters student in English I love my work and don't believe money or a 9-to-5 job is the main aim of education. Humanities opens up a world of possibilities and horizons. Something the narrow-minded Mr Blain could use. Get back in your box!
Kylie

Dear Sir/ Madam,
I must object in the strongest possible terms to the editorial direction your magazine has recently taken. We have seen five issues and yet so

far you have not once discussed of Ron Clark's award winning 100 yard sprint in the 1956 Olympics, let alone mention a way I can stop these pains in my head. Oh, and by the way, why is it that these new lycra dancing tights go baggy at the knees after just a couple of nights of fun? Bring back the old canvas ones I say! Anyway, I seem to have wandered off a bit but the message is - pick up your act.

Yours sincerely,
Brigadier Alistar
Winchester
Knickers

Dear Semper,
I wish to object to the last letter. It was obviously not written by a real person

and merely sent in by someone who wanted a few cheap laughs.
Sincerely
etc.,
Charles BUM-BUM
(Mrs)Dear

mumble more why don't you

it's all too painful for me

these are difficult times we know

DISCLAIMER

To the editors of Semper,
Re: The "Women's Edition" of Semper.

We, the undersigned women students wish to deny that the abovementioned edition of Semper was, as stated in the editorial, a collaborative, or, in fact a women's edition.

We would like to make it known that a large proportion of the articles which were approved for inclusion during the collaborative editorial process were in fact NOT INCLUDED. These articles covered a broad range of women's issues, which we feel have effectively silenced by the editors. In their place the editors substituted a sizeable amount of their own work, as well as limp attempts at humour that can only be interpreted as "page fillers".

We believe that the editors have no justification for using Semper (and in particular, the Women's edition) as a vehicle for promoting their own work.

In light of the difficulties women face in accessing forums for their expression - a difficulty which the women's edition of Semper purports to address - it is unfortunate that the two female editors have so blatantly silenced the voices of other women students, by inappropriately assuming ultimate editorial control.

We feel that the 1998 Women's Edition of Semper is NOT representative of the issues relevant to women students at UQ, and is very glib and of poor quality. WE have also had specific from women who complained that 'all the images of women were distorted or grotesque', and that the edition was very 'dismissive of women's issues'. We are greatly angered and offended by its content.

Signed ...

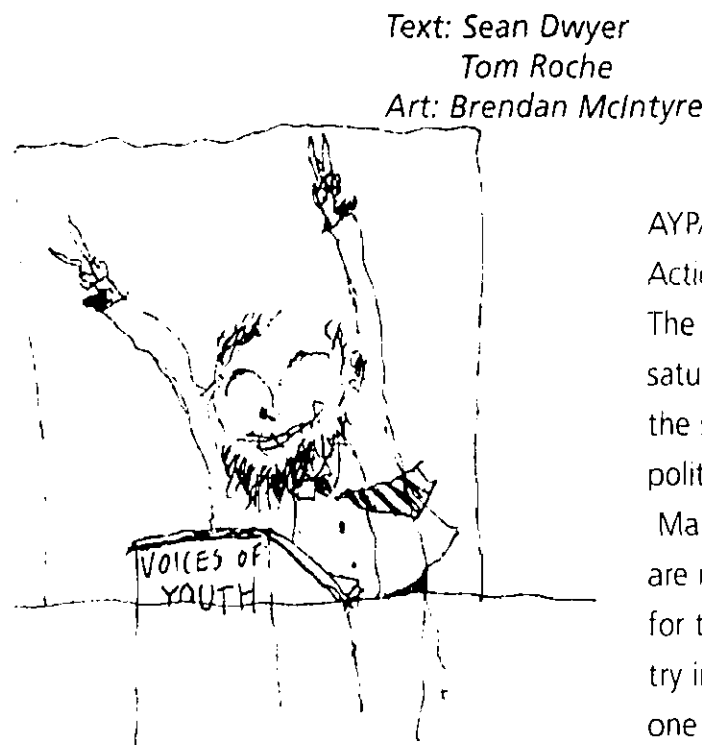
Michelle Brown
Ellen Brown
Lisa Burke
Laura Burke
Anna Della Dorey
Tanya Brock
Laura Russo
Francesca Smith

simply Margaret
Hanna Jenkins
Lisa Mackenzie
Miriam Rowe
Cate Hearn

(Kathleen Tannenbaum)
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Michelle Baker
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Melbourne Hall was silent. An index finger cast an ominous shadow over the stage. From between the curtains, a person approached the podium. "Young people want to be heard. They want more direct and open communication...with decision makers."

The crowd was silent. They were... hopeful.

"The government also wants to sit down with young Australians and listen to their concerns and ideas. I am pleased to be able to announce here today, new youth initiatives... called Voices of Youth. The youth table will meet every six months, with the first to be held in Canberra next year."

David Kemp. Voices of Youth, 18-06-98

THE FORBIDDEN FRUIT of DAVID KEMP

AYPAC, the Australian Youth Policy Action Coalition, was over. The malarky around One Nation has saturated our news media. Quietly, to the side of this media frenzy, important political decisions are being made. Many of the current Cabinet ministers are not given the praise they deserve for their skilful management of a country in turmoil. In particular, we feel that one Australian son has had his fine work overlooked. The Department of Education, Employment, Training and Youth Affairs is headed by a figure whose acumen and policy implementation has created a situation unprecedented in Australian history.

AYPAC was given twenty minutes notice before its closure was publicly announced.

Since the Liberals have taken office, youth unemployment has risen 3.5%. To counter this, our man David will allow grateful and underutilised young Australians to work for the dole, giving them an extra \$10 a week for the privilege. The new Common Youth Allowance policy criteria has deemed an extra 40 000 young adults to be children and ineligible for payments. The maximum basic rate of AUSTUDY is \$133 a week, approximately \$40 a week below the poverty line. And last, but by no means least, the HECS repayment threshold has been significantly lowered since the Liberals' arrival in office.

David Kemp's world is a happy one, a world where accountants and macro economists flirt openly with radical fiscal restructuring. In this fair northern city of Brisbane, let us not forget David Kemp and what he is doing for all of us. As a tribute to him and to his important work, we propose to run a film festival in honour of the great man with the great beard, proudly titled:

BRISBANE'S KEMPIAN INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL



(Proudly sponsored by the WORK FOR THE DOLE SCHEME "Building the self-esteem of layabouts and drug addicts" and CENTRELINK. "Eleven months of underfunded and understaffed service provision to the lower classes and still going strong")

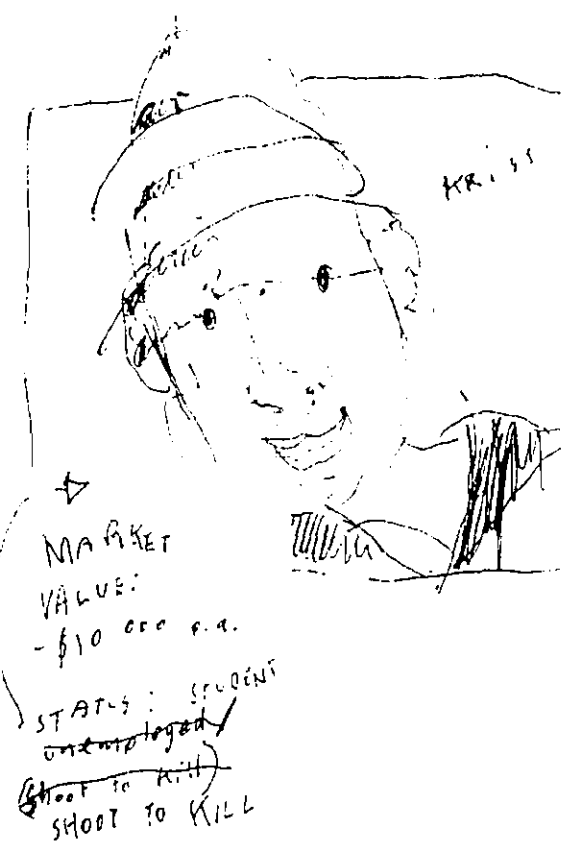
As you're all no doubt aware, this year's Brisbane International Film Festival has been and gone. As in previous years, the Festival highlighted important events both recent and historical, in the history of the cinematic art form. Sadly missing from the Festival however, and of great interest to all Brisbanites, is the wide range of Kempian films that are yet to be released in Queensland. This is the gap that the new film festival seeks to fill.

The Kempian school of film-making grew out of the hotbed of social agitation that was the Victorian greater

public school' system during the roaring 50s. What makes a film 'Kempian' is that it takes as its starting point the fascinating presumption that individuals exist only as progenitors of a series of temporally distinct consumer choices.

The Kempian style received its first public airing in a series of broadcasts for Channel Ten news and current affairs programmes, during the so-called 'Dark Ages'. Early successes with "Union Bludgers All Go to Hell" and the seminal "The Poor are Bad and They Drink Too Much" introduced the style to audiences world-wide and popularised the Kempian theme. Other filmmakers inevitably followed in Kemp's large and rather deep footsteps. In our programme we present the best of those international Kempian films.

And so we present:



Deliverance

Four men are hunting pheasant in channel country when they encounter a group of itinerant students and proceed to hunt them instead. What follows is brutal examination of detached modern consciousness seen through the eyes of a postmodern market analyst.

Siegfried

Fritz Lang's epic expressionist film is based on the Teutonic myth of the same spelling. Passionate, dark and textured, this film explores the phenomenological angst of a dragon who gorges himself on the flesh and blood of robust youths. The first in a trilogy of films which examine fascist mythology in an antipodean context.

A Night on Earth

Infamous art house realism from New York's *enfant terrible*, Jim Jarmusch. The story follows four humans cloned from David Kemp's semen. Four stories follow these characters as they travel through different parts of Australia poisoning the rare Bourke's parrot and attempting to grow beards.

8 1/2

From the viewpoint of an unpopular cabinet minister, this is a semi-autobiographical exploration of a modern conservative politician who has been cast out from his peers. This visually stunning non-narrative piece examines the machinations of a lonely political mastermind. In a moving monologue half-way through the film, the august figure explains his dilemma to the rear end of a statue of Margaret Thatcher, while vowing to synonymise 'social reform' with 'marginalising youth'. An unmissable treat.

Tie Me Up, Tie Me Down

Spanish trash director Amaldovar's classic, a psychological investigation of a student obsessed with Ann Fullwood. This road movie follows her abduction to Lake Eyre, where the young enamour believes he can make her fall in love with him. Look for the magic scene with the unsuspecting pelican.

The Year My Voice Broke

Sentimental 1987 Dugan piece examining adolescent love in rural Australia. A dole bludger and a student suffer the consequence of their life choices and are conscripted into an army to defend the north coast of Australia from Asian invaders. This is a tragi-comedy which tells it like it is.

In addition to these pieces, a number of documentaries were made to highlight the real life issues that drive the Kempian ideology:

The Good Ole' Days

Billy Hughes and Pig Iron Bob Menzies wrestle in jelly to solve a dispute over a tricky clause in the Liberal Party manifesto.

More money, Mo' money!

A film that proves that fact can be more disturbing than fiction

Bringing Mates Together

Thiess Watkins builds a concrete bridge from Ipswich to Goodna. A 1984 documentary which looks into plans to build similar bridges all across south east Queensland.

And two animated features:

A Quiet Day

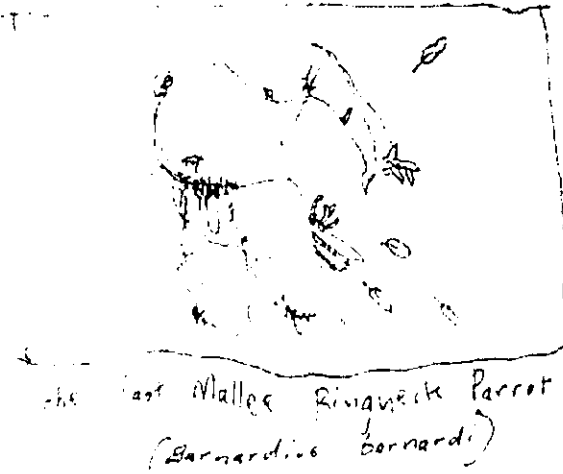
A stylish piece of expressionism. In the future, unemployed people vanish, universities become training colleges, national service replaces work for the dole, Australia is covered in a film of lavender talcum powder, and SBS comes under the reign of Stan Zimarnneck.

DEETYASUKI

Japanese animated feature in the Manga style about an alternative universe called DEETYA, where men in dark suits control the future of all the young people of Tokyo. Disaster comes when Wei Wei discovers a gateway to the alternative universe and realises that he is actually a reincarnation of the great demon Deetyasuki. Will he destroy himself before he grows into the grotesque demon with a beard but no moustache and destroys the world.

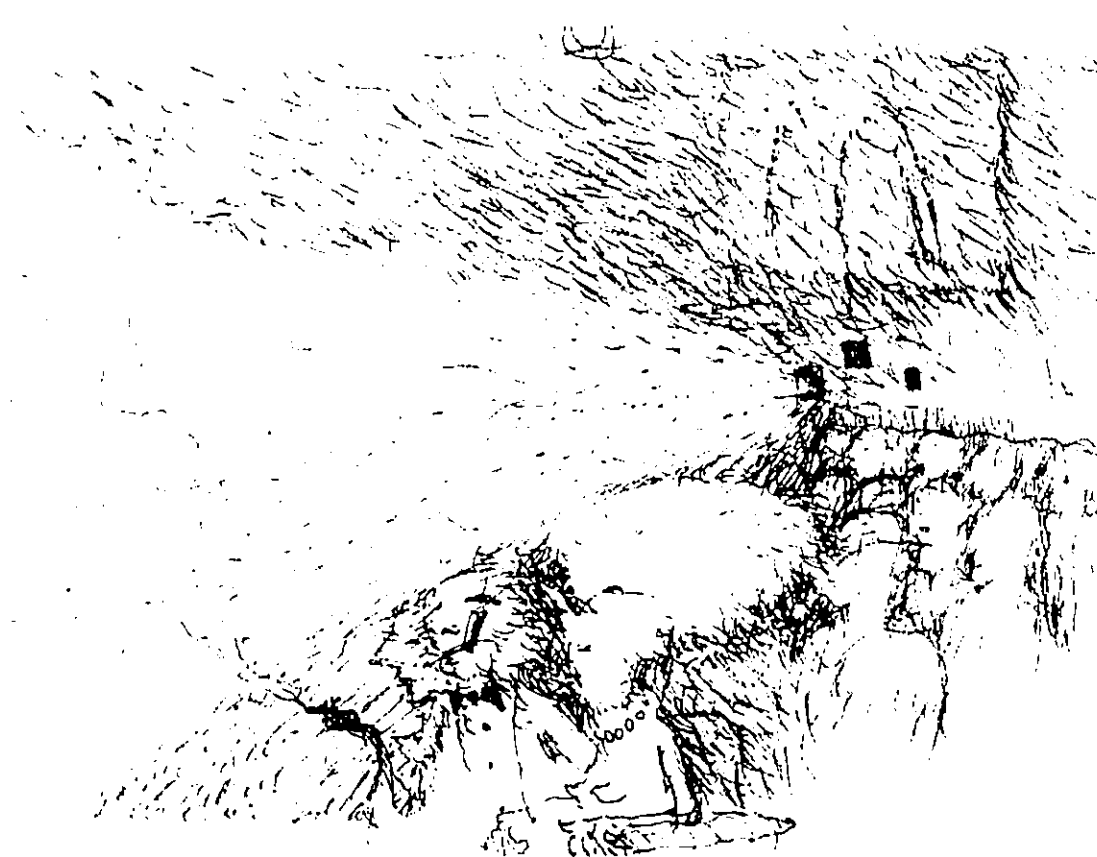
And finally, the world premiere of a new Australian film:

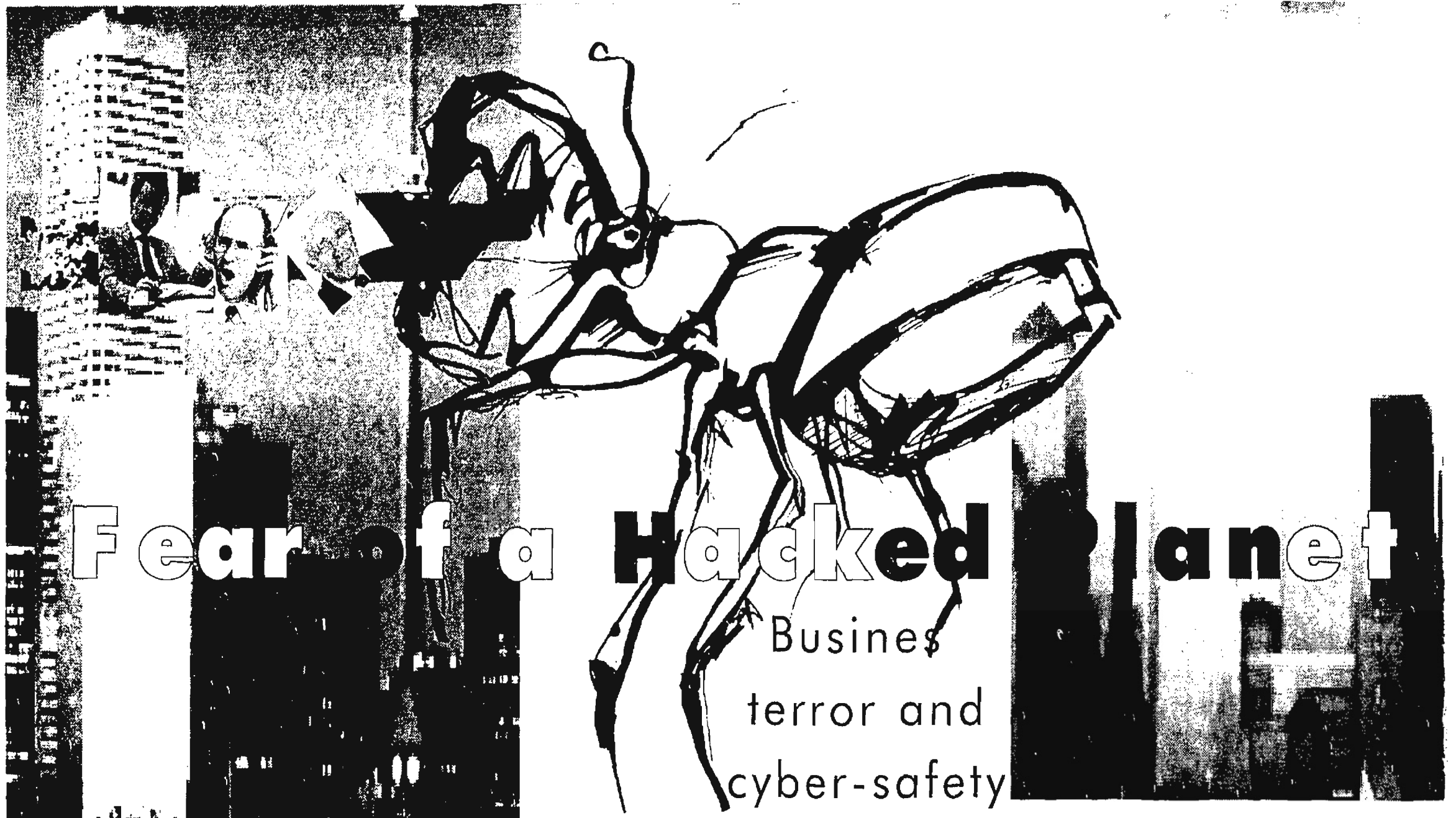
Smuggling Parrots



A boy called Kris attempts to smuggle parrots out of Brisbane airport in an attempt to escape compulsory military service and to realise his dream of having two wives. This film records his capture, the discovery of the parrots in his various body cavities and his death at the hands of three of his fellow conscripts during a routine hip-pie culling exercise.

(The Brisbane International Kempian Film Festival screens for three years from the next general election. Tickets \$50 plus 10% GST. Program subject to change due to market demand and/or funding cuts. -D. Kemp, artistic director)





Ted Phelps & Tim Mansfield

We've all heard the word "uncertainty" too often recently. The justification for the Federal government's attempt to extinguish native title rights for indigenous Australians was the perceived uncertainty suffered by 'business' - specifically mining and pastoral 'business'.

This air of uncertainty that surrounds and permeates the 'business sector' leads us to suspect that these 'business people' lead lives of constant terror, ameliorated only by the reassuring hum of continuous profit. This persistent anxiety reaches to the highest levels of the corporate world, even into the semi-abstract realm of those nigh divine entities, 'The Markets'.

How often have you found yourself watching some hierophant of the

market economy (someone from Banker's Trust perhaps, or a journalist from the Australian Financial Review?) in a mock interview with a mock journalist sitting at a mock newsdesk:

Journalist - "So how are the markets feeling, Mark?"

Hierophant - "The Markets were a little skittish yesterday Marie, late yesterday afternoon that started giggling like a schoolgirl, but today they seem to have settled into a mood of relaxed contentment with a slightly uncertain edge."

There it is again, that 'uncertainty' thing. Why is business so uncertain? Why are the corporations in a constant state of aggregate terror? Perhaps because - despite what you might think listening the testosterone-soaked rhetoric of the apparently endless specimens of the fabled Lone Aussie Battling Businessman telling

us all how the government ought to be run by Him (as in fact it now is), corporate management is largely riddled with incompetent fools.

Idiots, dickheads, fuckups: the kind of moron who you knew at school and deeply felt justified the legalisation of retrospective abortion.

This is an over-analysed aspect of corporate behaviour, but it's worth recapping. Large organisations tend to promote people until they reach the level of their own incompetence:

you go up the hierarchy until you start fucking up (the so-called 'Peter Principle' coined by Laurence J. Peter in a book of the same name). Over time, hierarchies become clogged with fools, terrified by their inability to cope with the complexities of their position.

As though it weren't bad enough being expected to merely cope, modern executives have to try to cope

with Information Technology, computers and that terrifying bogey-person of every hierarch's nightmares - The Net. Nothing gives a suit quite the near-perverse level of terror and quasi-sexual thrill that 'puters do. This little set of articles gives you an overview of three topics guaranteed to cause spinal spasm in any card-carrying hive-drone of corporate capitalism: the Year 2000 Bug, Internet Security and the Free Software Movement.

These are all button-pushers in the Mass Media precisely because they terrify 'business people', in fact there's little here that should cause concern for your average crowd of righteously anarcho-hedonistic Pepsi-extremists like yo' fine selves, but we'll talk about them anyway because in some old-fashioned kind of way, we want you to be informed...

Not Quite Beyond 2000

Repent, for the end is near! Or so I've been told. Aside from the religious zealot in the street who believes that the armageddon is coming in just under 500 days, there are information technology zealots telling us that Saturday, 1 January 2000 is going to usher in a dangerous time: aeroplanes failing to land, pacemakers failing to pace, credit cards failing to purchase! They call this computerized armageddon the Y2K (or Year 2000) bug, and no one is safe.

So then why are the computers of the world conspiring to quash this most anticipated of celebrations? To understand properly we must imagine ourselves in the early 1960s, those halcyon days of yore when computers occupied entire rooms, programmers wore suits and ties, and disk space was worth its weight in gold. This last bit is the key, so I'll say it again: disk space was extremely expensive. Those clever suit-and-tie-wearing programmers would go to great lengths to save a few bytes of it, and this was especially true when they designed database entries, where one extra byte would cost hundreds of thousands in an operating database. One of the most obvious places to do this was in the storage of dates — the first two digits were always '1' and '9' and would continue to be '1' and '9' until the end of the century. By then, these clever programmers thought, everyone will be using faster, smaller and cheaper computers and they won't be using this database anymore. And that's where these clever programmers were dead wrong.

We first realized that they were wrong a few years ago when credit card expiry dates crossed the year 2000 barrier and got rejected because, as far as the computer could tell, they had expired in 1900. The credit card companies were all very embarrassed and hired consultants to fix it, and our credit cards work again, but we wonder what else is susceptible? Will the Energex billing database indicate that I haven't paid my bills and that my power should be cut off? Will Telstra disconnect my phone? I suspect not, since they'll have to send out actual humans to cut off my power and phone, and the actual humans are likely to doubt that the entire population suddenly decided not pay its bills. Even if there aren't actual humans involved, the utilites can just avoid disconnecting anyone until they get themselves sorted out, and no one will be upset. But what about the campus security systems that automatically unlock the doors at 6am every week day? Will they think that the date is really Monday, 1 January 1900 instead of Satudray, 1 January 2000 and unlock the doors? Probably not, but it's impossible to tell without spending a lot of time looking at the software. What about Uncle Bob's pacemaker? Will it think that it doesn't need to do anything for another century? I seriously doubt it, but if I were Uncle Bob I'd want to be absolutely certain.

My recommendation to you for New Year's Eve 1999 is to hole up with some friends, some champagne and some candles, listen to some really old Prince songs, and maybe reboot the PC.

Walled up tighter than a string bean

Internet security is a vexing, complex and difficult topic and there's no way we can give you more than a cursory overview here.

It's complex and difficult because it's a classic compromise between opposite needs: the point of the Net is to allow people to communicate; security is fundamentally about stopping communication. Maximum security installations have computers that cannot communicate at all with the outside world (remember the CIA secured computer room in *Mission Impossible?*). The art of the compromise lies in only letting the *right* people communicate.

The two most crucial aspects of how this compromise is managed on the Internet is by *firewalls* and *encryption*.

Firewalls are a wall of software, isolating corporate networks from the rest of the network. Computers on the corporate network inside the firewall can communicate freely.

Computers outside the firewall can only communicate across the wall with machines on the inside in specified ways. A computer called the *firewall host* is responsible for vetting which bits of data cross the wall and which can't. For instance, most firewalls block *telnet* access to computers inside the wall, because that would let unknown outsiders try to log in to the protected network and

not allowing that is an easy way to stop all but the most determined crackers. On the other hand, most firewalls allow *HTTP* or web access, since it's a very low security risk (provided you can trust your employees not to make sensitive information available via personal web servers, but that's another thing entirely). Sometimes an organisation will put a machine outside the firewall, as the corporate web server or FTP server for instance. Such computers are referred to as *sacrificial hosts* since it's more difficult to protect them from crackers. Late last year several US Federal Government web servers (notably the NASA web server) were cracked and altered (none too subtly). The official *Hackers* website got hacked by hackers, angered by their portrayal in the movie. While firewalls protect islands of computers from the big, mean outside world, encryption is an attempt to let data travel unmolested through that world. Encryption is one of the oldest kinds of computer science: the Romans and the Babylonians both invented early, rudimentary schemes for encoding messages so that even if messengers got stopped or killed by enemies, the message couldn't be read by those enemies.

One of the founders of modern computer science, Alan Turing, made his name by decrypting the German Enigma cypher - a complex, machine-based code for encrypting communication among Nazi troops - during World War II. As thanks, the British government chemically castrated Turing when they discovered he was gay and hence a security risk, leading to his suicide shortly afterward. But that's another story too.

The main way most of us notice encryption is on secured web pages, which use encryption to transmit information from your web browser to the server. You may have run across this when purchasing things from the web. You get a form in your browser (in Netscape, there's a little padlock that lights up to tell you the page is secure), on which you fill out your address and credit card details, your browser encrypts the information you entered and sends it to the server, which then decrypts it. This makes everyone feel safer about transmitting credit card details across the Net.

As to whether any of this is actually necessary, who knows? But let's face it, if it makes those terrified "business people" feel a little safer - it must be worth it.

Free Software Foundation

Imagine an organization with more programmers than Microsoft and which is so well entrenched that it need never worry about it going bankrupt. Imagine further that this organization builds software that is generally more reliable than anything else you can find, is responsive to the needs of its users, and gives it all away for free. Sound too good to be true? It exists, and it's called the Free Software Foundation.

The Free Software Foundation (FSF) started sometime in the 80's as the result of frustration over copyright restrictions imposed by AT&T over its then new UNIX operating system (the operating system is a program which gives programs access to printers, memory, disk and other hardware). The non-disclosure agreements and high prices led a group of frustrated researchers to

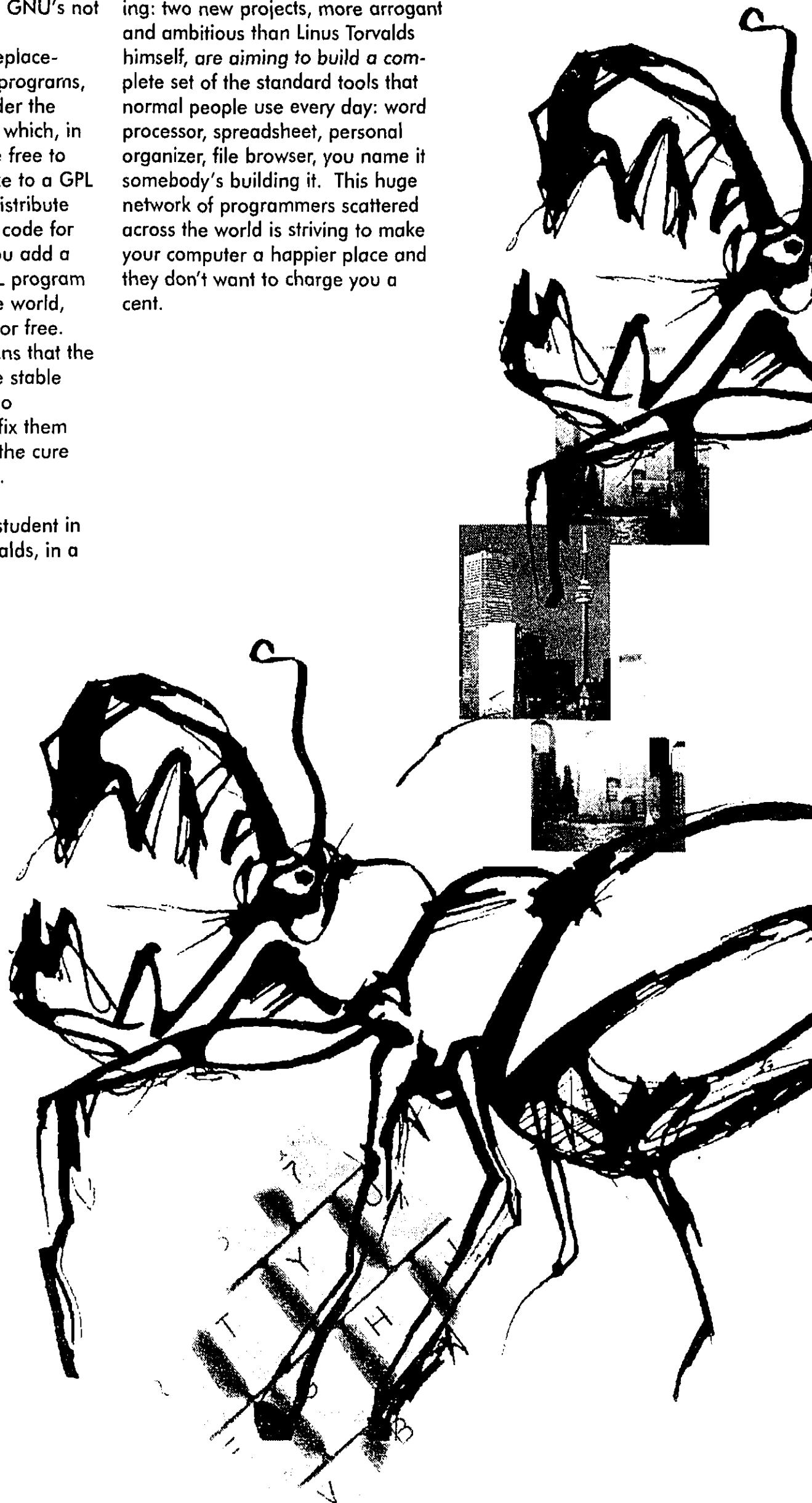
think that it might be worthwhile to write their own competitor to UNIX, which they called GNU (pronounced 'ga-new', GNU stands for GNU's not UNIX).

They started out writing replacements for standard UNIX programs, which they distributed under the GNU Public License (GPL) which, in essence, says that you are free to make any changes you like to a GPL program so long as you distribute your changes with source code for free. In other words, if you add a neat new feature to a GPL program and want to show it to the world, you have to give it away for free. This, as a side effect, means that the software tends to be more stable because programmers who encounter bugs can then fix them and inform the author of the cure rather than the symptoms.

Then, in the early 90's a student in Finland named Linus Torvalds, in a moment of arrogance at which even a politician would blush, decided that he could write the actual operating system part of UNIX so that he could run it at home on his old Intel 286. The spooky thing is that, with the help of an amazingly large network of programmers across the world, he has: Linux. Yes, that word your computer nerd friends keep raving on about is actually an operating system which is both more stable than Microsoft Windows and free. PC's running Linux have been known to run for months without needing to be rebooted. It runs quite nicely on an Intel 386 CPU from 1990, that network of programmers has already fixed that annoying bug you've just encountered in the latest version which you can download now at no extra charge.

Of course, there's a

catch: you have to have an advanced degree to figure out how to use it. But this is rapidly changing: two new projects, more arrogant and ambitious than Linus Torvalds himself, are aiming to build a complete set of the standard tools that normal people use every day: word processor, spreadsheet, personal organizer, file browser, you name it somebody's building it. This huge network of programmers scattered across the world is striving to make your computer a happier place and they don't want to charge you a cent.



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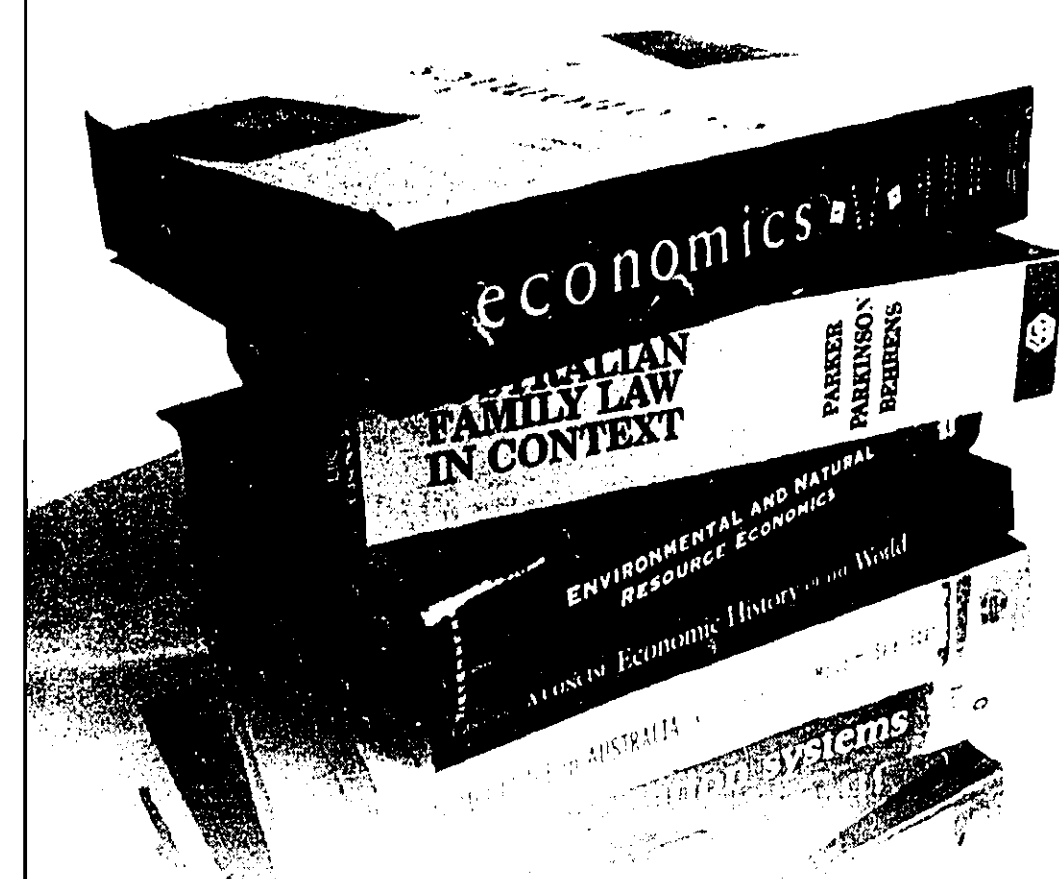
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THE human genome project

Larry Croft & Francis Clark

Imagine this. An alien spacecraft crashes, killing the occupants but leaving most of the machinery intact. The spacecraft is moved under extreme security to a secret military research centre. Initial investigation of the craft uncovers incredibly complex machinery, at least 1000 years in advance of our own.

Atomic scale engineering, self-repairing systems, computers that program and repair themselves. The whole spacecraft has been constructed atom by atom and our technology is almost advanced enough to see how complex it all is. So far, so X-Files or Roswell, or whatever.

However, here I'll add a plot twist. The US government (for as we all know, UFOs only crash North of the Mexican border and never in Canada) in a remarkable demonstration of humility, decides it is out of its depth and goes public to the world, releasing all information it has pieced together and inviting all peoples of the world to help understand the confounded mess which has baffled them. This is approximately where we are at with molecular biology today - minus the conspiracy. A new technology is being revealed to us. However, the technology is not 1000 years ahead of our own, it is 4 billion years ahead. The technology is composed of nanometre-scale machines, which act together to replicate themselves. They are self-repairing and can survive fantastic extremes of environment. Of course, they are living cells.

So what is this Human Genome Project, and why all the media hype? The answer to the hype question is simple. Money. The Human Genome Project is one of the most expensive scientific projects ever attempted. Already more money has been spent on analysing the human genome than the entire Apollo moon mission. But what do we get out of this? The end result of the Human Genome Project, and here I use capital H, G and C, is to have the complete DNA sequence for a human being. The final sequence will fit on a single CD, and will probably cost in excess of \$20 billion. On the CD will be 3 billion characters using only the letters A, C, T and G. DNA uses only a 4 letter alphabet (which is twice as many letters as the alphabet in computer programs). I'll give an example of a tiny fragment of human DNA:

```
tttttgagtttgaaaagttttattcaagaaatataaattcaatattcttcaaa  
atacagtttctctagattgctacaaaagaaattgataaagaatttaaatcaaaatag  
tttcaactatatacatacagaattgccaagaagaattgattcagccctggaaagtacc  
angtctttgtttctcatgaagaaggtccaaccaagcattttgatagctatgtacaa  
caggcaagaattttgattcaagaatttgacgttagctgctctaatttatagcttgtag  
ttgtccacatggggttcaaatgttagtcttaggaacaacatcttgggctctagata  
gatcagctatagtagctgctgaattgaaacatcagaacaacacgaacatctccaatc  
tttttgctctcttttcagctgctgtttgaggtcattgaaataactgctgctccac  
agagagtggtgctctccag
```

What does it mean, what does DNA do? It is believed, with some certainty, that the complete DNA sequence for an organism is a set of instructions describing exactly how to build and maintain that organism, if only we could read the instructions! For instance, what does the above DNA do? And for this particular piece of DNA no one really knows (in fact for most pieces of human DNA we have very little idea what it does). I can tell you a little, this piece of DNA is the partial instructions to build a small machine which organises the manufacture of a set of other tiny machines, but that's all I know (The above DNA encodes a transcription factor).

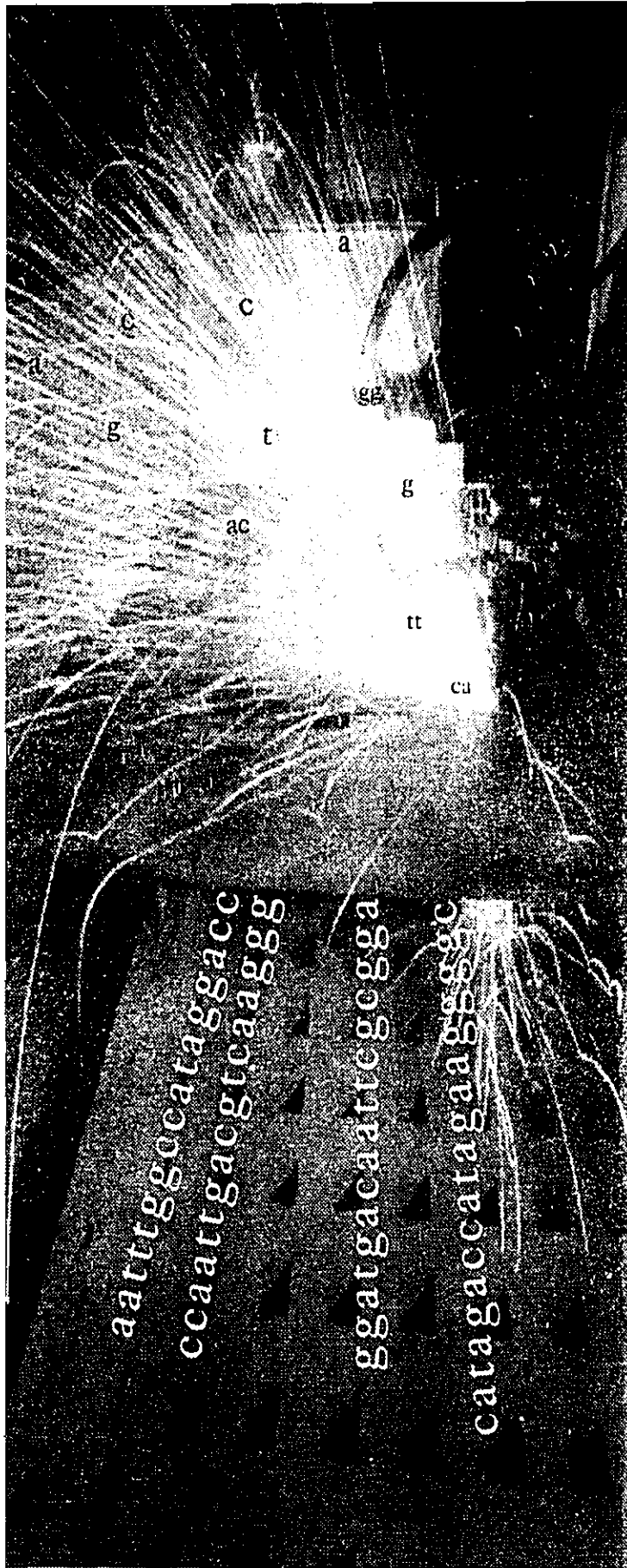
So at the end of the Human Genome Project the real fun begins, which is understanding what it all means, which is the human genome project (without the capitals). The final outcome of this will be the complete instructions on how to make a human and how to maintain her living state.

Olivia:
*I will give out diverse schedules of my beauty. It shall be inventoried and every particle and utensil labelled to my will as:
(item) two lips indifferent red
(item) two grey eyes with lids to them
(item) one neck, one chin
and so forth*

You may have noticed I've been avoiding "what is the use of the human genome project", and I'm guilty of purposely neglecting this. This is mainly what the media has been portraying the Human Genome Project as; a giant pharmaceutical bonanza. A flesh cash crop of drugs to sell and cure-alls. And it's true. The information becoming available now will change the nature of human health forever, lifespans will be extended, cancers will be constrained and people's lives will, at least in the first world, be changed for the better. However, it would be a pity to completely neglect Olivia's beauty and our own souls in a Faustian deal for the die-stamped little red pills of consumer pharmaceuticals, spin-offs and spin-doctoring.

And so, like one of the stone age scientists in Gary Larson's comics, I'll hoot excitedly as I watch unfold a greater understanding of the complexity and beauty within living systems.

Olivia: Were you sent hither to praise me?
Viola: I see what you are. You are too proud, but if you were the devil you would be fair!



As we move into the age of biology, with its promise of a genetic revolution, it is important to speculate about what the future may hold. In doing this we will be able to exercise choice in our influence on the future. Perhaps the human race will wipe itself out with biological weapons of unimaginable terror, or conversely we might create a biological nirvana where disease is nonexistent and we can all be as beautiful and intelligent as we like. What actually happens will most likely lie between these extremes, but where in between is largely up to us.

The Human Genome Project has huge implications even though it is little more than a huge data collection exercise, a technological feat comparable with landing man on the moon (it will cost about the same). It is profound because it forces us to think about what we are and what our place is in the scheme of things. Also, the technologies that surround this project will undoubtedly effect the evolution of life in this corner of the Milky Way.

We are at the cusp of a new stage in our evolution, at the point where we start making some of the choices about how we will change in the future. Evolution is all about life modifying itself to grow, spread and become more complex, and as we become more able to linker with the mechanics of life, we surely will. The Human Genome Project is like a line in the sand, the point where we took control of our evolution. While discussing our evolution, we should not think in terms of the individual, or even of species, but view evolution and genetics in a holistic or Gaian sense, as an ecosystem of organisms and their genes, as a dynamic system that is alive. Part of the system (ie humans) have evolved to be able to make deliberate and conscious decisions about manipulating genes, and this power could be our downfall. However, if we destroy ourselves, it will simply take Gaia another few hundred million years to reach this point anew, with some other conscious, technologically advanced species in our place. This is no more shocking than Galileo's observation that we do not reside at the centre of the universe, or that we might all be wiped out by a large meteorite.

Nature is robust to changing circumstances and can sustain great shocks (like the meteorite which wiped the dinosaurs out). It adapts. We must take great care that the adaptions we procure will not be judged badly by future generations. This is already a major issue with respect to global warming and it will become an ever more complex issue as new types of bacteria, plants and animals become part of the ecosystem. This could conceivably go some way to reversing the loss of diversity that we have witnessed over recent decades, but only if we are wise in our use of technology. If we are careless we might make changes that future generations will suffer for. Should we oppose all genetic technologies until we have a better understanding of the implications for the future? Perhaps, but it is simplistic to oppose blindly new technologies that scare us. Those who oppose blindly may act as useful ballast from time to time, but the real choices are made by those who seek to be informed and weigh up their views. These people are able to argue an informed case and will ultimately dictate the future.

For the sake of this essay, we can consider the evolution of bacteria as the first great triumph of evolution (and don't forget that this world is still predominantly run by and for bacteria). The second triumph was the evolution of complex multicelled creatures which eventually attained consciousness and were able to think about their place in the universe. This has lead to the world of the abstract, of thoughts and ideas. In this world, ideas combine and mutate to evolve into new ideas, just as it is with genes, and from this world of ideas and information has precipitated the technologies required for the third phase of evolution.

Perhaps we are the seed pods of Gaia, the mechanism by which life will move out into the solar system and eventually beyond. We will colonise Mars and/or Venus before too long, perhaps even within our lifetimes, as surely as humans have colonised just about every land mass on this planet. Not only will we need rockets and the like to do this, but ultimately we will need ecosystems on these planets to maintain a self sufficient environment for us to live in. Genetic technologies will be needed to terraform our new homes.

Back on earth, genetic technologies have been used for millennia, even if we didn't really understand them, particularly the use of yeast in beer and bread. New organisms will be (and are being) developed to do all sorts of things, from cleaning up pollution to being used in new weapons of war. Biotech companies trade on the world's stock exchanges and are valued at millions of dollars, based only on their informational assets, pouring billions of dollars of capital into the development of genetic based technologies. Make no mistake, the age of biology is upon us.

Humans have long pondered the origin and meaning of our existence. Religion offers us stories which address these questions, but since the time of Galileo the paradigm of discourse has moved from the religious to the scientific. The stories of science have displaced those of religion, and by association many of the ethical and moral rules that came with the stories. Science might give us great insights into the deeper questions of our existence, but by itself it does not provide a substantial ethical framework to work within. The nature of the ethical and moral framework into which the next century unfolds is one of the great challenges for those of us who care.

Let us neither construct a future based on unfettered capitalist exploitation, nor on uninformed resistance to change. Let us approach the future with knowledge and wisdom, optimism and hope.

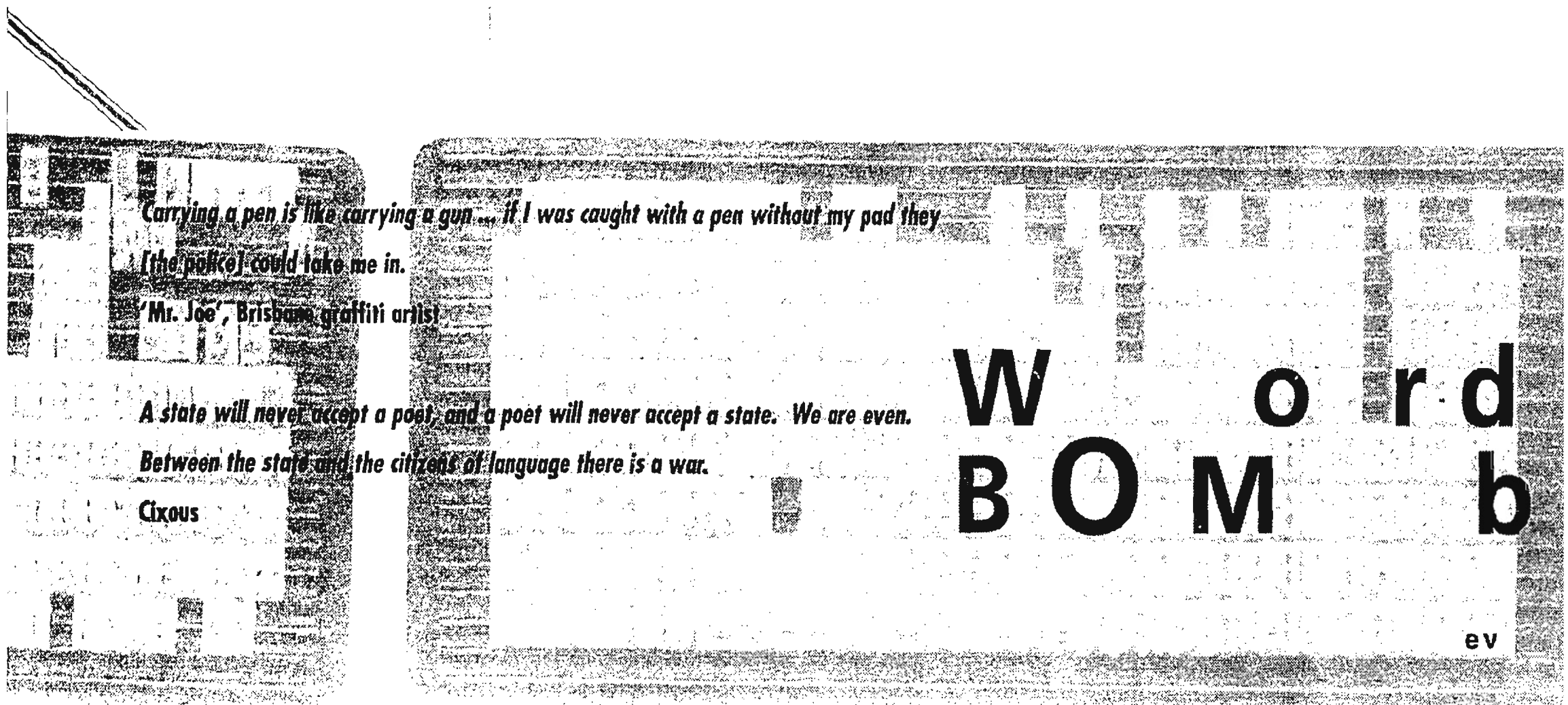
Further references:

For great general reading try New Scientist's many good articles (Q1.N52 in all UQ libraries)

For the hardcore interested, try: Alberts, Bruce et al. Molecular biology of the cell, 1994

For a more molecular genetics slant try: Lewin, Benjamin. Genes VI, 1997

The entire collection of all DNA sequenced so far is available free online at: Genbank, <http://www.ncbi.nlm.nih.gov/>



Graffiti advocates declare it to be a freedom of expression, a right of free speech. Non-advocates declare it vandalism and emphasize the costs to taxpayers and private citizens whose property is graffitied. Graffiti is the strongest example of an artform with an identity dependant upon its illegality. Commercialisation of graffiti-style art has made it acceptable at a design level, but a gallery or product display is not the same as the tags or slogans done before dawn and at the risk of imprisonment.

Commercial forms of graffiti are like a documentation of the act, they are separate from it. The act of painting the graffiti illegally, 'bombing', changes the reading of it, as the reading is done after the risky illegal act, or 'bomb'. Occasionally, graffiti artists are given 'free' walls. For many this defeats the purpose of graffiti itself. State sanctioning of artforms implies a sell out, a commercialization that divorces the art practice from its radicalism.

As a largely anonymous form of communication, graffiti is open to anyone, meaning that different forms of it emerge: colourful, illustrative and decorated word work; tags; political slogans; love messages. Police response to graffiti has been to declare to the media that they are focusing on discovering the identities of the taggers, and the tag is what they see as the key. A tag is akin to a signature and may belong to one person or to a group. It has been suggested that groups who tag walls are claiming territory and that the tag signifies criminality, illiteracy and direct rebellion: "an expression of the writer's personal frustration with the 'powers that be'" (*Graffiti in Their Own Words*). The tag becomes literally the only writing they are capable of, the walls the only space available to them.

Graffiti is a direct defiance of authority, interwoven into a complicated history of the repression and alienation of youth unable to directly affect the mechanisms of society. The ghetto and graffiti are highly associated terms, graffiti is left to belong to poverty, to the dispossessed.

Graf's a much easier target, and saying your going up against it takes people's attention off of how much money they have in their pocket, and how little the government cares about the kid that wakes up starving every morning.

... Governments ... should concern themselves more with cuts to education and social programs rather than locking up teenagers for expression that might affect property values of their middle and upper class constituents.

(Graffiti in Their Own Words)

I spoke to a local graffiti artist, 'Mr. Joe', about why he was risking imprisonment to display his thoughts. The urban environment is the home of the graffiti artist and most would see that it is their just drawing board but all are aware that although they may live and breathe there, they do not 'own' it. This understanding of ideas of materialism is important to Mr. Joe as is hearing reactions to his work. His 'She's appalling not handsome' slogan, in reference to the One Nation leader, brought much cheer to West End residents and 'Spring into Love' (on the Commonwealth Bank) appeared in *The Brisbane News* last spring. Mr. Joe's love poem on Boundary St, 'My lust like lavender, how it itches and sedates ... etc' provoked a response in *Brother Sister's* Passing Glances column. The writer asked the West End message writer, "Why don't you tell the person you love that you love them?"



Mr. Joe was encouraged by such responses:

I felt I'd achieved what I was setting out to do. Not for my own sake, because it was anonymous. I proved that if graffiti was done in an accessible way the community would respond ... I'm not part of a crew ... Last year I was anti-homeboy - I saw it going nowhere: no communication was going on. ... I saw a vibrant means of communication destroyed by itself ... I'm not anti b-boy culture anymore, after seeing how much stuff that they do - it's communicating frustration and boredom - a sad indictment on society that youth finds pleasure in destructive means ... Now [I realize] they have a pool of ideas that I should steal, manipulate and use. I realized that I was gaining nothing by continuing to react to them rather I should learn from it then rile against it.

Mr. Joe is now developing his style and has been working on paper until he is ready to 'bomb' again. He has no desire to exhibit his art in galleries, "As soon as it takes on a monetary value it ceases to have any value as graffiti ... if you're going to have graffiti on a gallery wall it should be sprayed on the walls not hung". The links to graffiti, poverty, theft and notions of property and materialism are of particular importance to Mr. Joe:

Most visual broadcasting is tied up with money; if you have money you can do any visual vandalism ... when I do it [graffiti] I have to accept that this can be done to my stuff, if this gets vandalised and destroyed I have to accept it, it [graffiti] encourages one to learn what is important. I only own myself and my thought and actions.

Mr. Joe also commented on the inextricable link between graffiti and theft, "most people are going to have to steal paint ... if you've got enough money to buy paint then you are not hard up for other outlets". Lastly Mr Joe hopes that "if someone doesn't get the themes they can appreciate it aesthetically". So enjoy the writing on the wall and remember as Paul Simon says in *Sound of Silence*, "The words of the prophet are written on the subway walls and tenement halls".



Inravelling Howard's Tax Package

Income tax cuts, family rebates, boosts to social security and our esteemed Prime Minister's rock solid guarantee adorn the package put together by a Coalition government desperate for a reversal of the slide in opinion polls. And like it or not, these are the distractions that will hold the attention of countless voters, mesmerised by their appeal. The danger is that a new consumption tax will pass unnoticed by the electorate, giving the Liberals another easy victory. That is why the discourse that takes place within the community, even at this early stage, must be one that is honest, confronting and involves every 'section' of society. This has certainly failed to occur in the week since the package was released.

In terms of its inclusive nature, anybody who has picked up a newspaper in the last few days will be aware of a steering of the package's appeal away from any individual, or collection of individuals that do not represent the picket-fence nuclear family. And yes, that includes the great majority of the student population. To put it bluntly, if you are not a regular pipesmoking, white heterosexual head-of-the-house with a house-bound wife and two-point-five kids, then Howard does not require your vote. As citizens who are often in an economically vulnerable position, students have been completely ignored by this package, both in terms of its content and its marketing. This disregard, to be tackled in this article, must not be forgotten by the student constituency.

My second objection has arisen out of an obsession with arithmetic. After the confusing detail, there is a lack of discussion about the broad principles at stake and the ideology that underlies these changes. It is all very well to try and calculate precise figures of various households' weekly budgets, however these figures are as rubbery as the population they are trying to measure is diverse. One party or lobby group will arrive at one estimation, and another group or party will arrive somewhere else. Students must keep in mind that mathematics is merely a tool in the propaganda war between rivaling philosophies that attempt to go to the heart of what it means to live in a 'fair' society.

What this 'new tax system' is essentially about is a change in the 'tax mix' - away from direct taxation (income tax) to indirect taxation (consumption taxes). Direct taxation is progressive, indirect taxation is inherently regressive. For all of its flaws, direct taxation seeks to tax the rich at a higher rate than the poor; indirect taxation taxes everybody at the same rate regardless of their wealth. But, you may ask, if the rich purchase more goods and services, won't they pay more tax? The answer to that is yes. However it will mean that they will not be taxed as much, because a smaller proportion of their income is used for expenditure. On the

other hand, low-income earners, such as students, spend a greater proportion of their meagre income on items not previously taxed, such as food, rent, and public transport. This is why the central question regarding a GST must be framed in terms of equity.

Then how could it be that the government has calculated that everybody will be a winner from this package? The treasury figures have been based on a number of assumptions that the government has made that, when taking students into account, do not apply. To begin with, Howard is relying upon the income tax cuts as a compensation measure for those on low-incomes. However most students currently pay only a nominal rate of income tax, if any. The only change that may be considered to be of any positive effect for students is the lifting of the tax-free threshold from \$5400 to \$6000. Nevertheless, the bottom line is that you will be shouldering an increased share of the tax burden.

Another fallacious assumption made by the Coalition relates to the spending patterns of various groups or units within society. To judge the impact that a GST would have on the average 'shopping list', Treasury takes a standard 'basket of goods' and calculates, to the last cent, the changes in price that will occur. Because the price of many goods will decrease as a result of the abolition of the wholesale sales tax, the government is claiming that this impact will be minimal. The problem is that, generally speaking, the student population does not purchase many new cars, nor do they engage in excessive amount of banking. Any small decrease in prices will never offset the substantial increase in the price of goods and services not previously taxed, such as food, clothing, public transport, rent, and electricity.

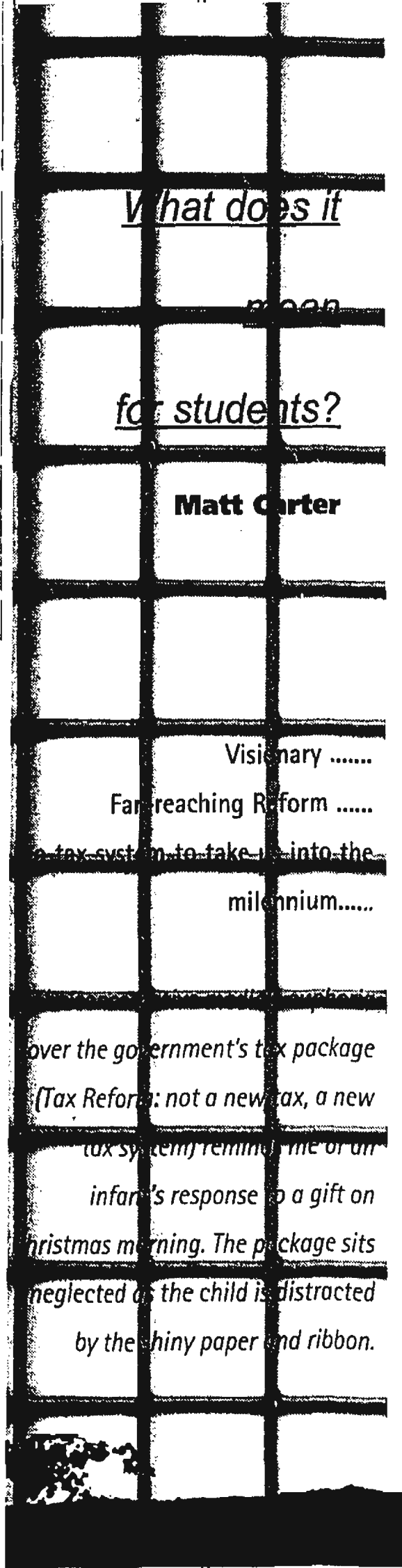
What won't be taxed then? According to the mainstream media, education will be 0% rated! Wonderful!! But what does this mean? Essentially, this 0% rating is confined to HECS and that's about it. Internet access, textbooks, stationery, and the Students Services Charge will all be slapped with a 10% tax. That's a 10% disincentive for people on a low-income to enter tertiary education, and that makes it 10% more difficult for those studying to survive. Make no mistake about it, this is a tax on higher education, at least as damaging as any other regressive measure introduced by the conservatives.

We are getting compensation though, aren't we? As a part of its package, a Howard (or Costello?) government will also increase the Youth Allowance, ABSTUDY and Austudy by 4% (for those of us who get it). Wow, an entire 4%!! Don't get too excited though.

Government figures are also anticipating an inflation increase of almost 2% in the first year of the new tax system and the rest of it will be steadily whittled away by further inflation hikes, as the increase has not been indexed. This short-term buy-off will put but a tiny dent in the long-term effects of a regressive tax system.

Student voters should also be aware of how the government plans to fund its so-called 'compensation package'. The money is not coming from the revenue obtained from the new tax, nor is it coming from tax paid by high-income earners. The compensation package has been funded by the current Budget surplus, and future surpluses, amassed from the cuts the government made to community and government services over the past two-and-a-half years. This should be ringing alarm bells in people's heads at the moment, for anybody who knows anything about fiscal economics would be aware of the uncertainty that surrounds Budget surpluses. And with a global recession brought on by the Asian financial crisis about to hit, any reliance on future surpluses should be greeted with extreme cynicism. In particular, the New Zealand experience should have taught us that compensation packages are fragile and easily eroded when the economic climate takes a downturn. In fact, the only durable element contained in this package is the GST, the core of Howard's otherwise inequitable new tax system.

Regardless of the other policies that will be released in the imminent Federal election, it will ultimately be another referendum on the GST. Be prepared to be bombarded with propaganda from the parties and lobby groups with a vested interest, as the government seeks to convince a cynical electorate that it deserves a second term to implement its 'far-reaching reform'. If anything, I would ask you to maintain your skepticism and be wary of grandiose rhetoric that heralds 'the coming of a new millenium' and 'the need for visionary leadership'. Forget about the wrapping and focus on what is at the heart of Howard's package. At the beginning of a new millenium, Australia needs a well-resourced education system, not a new tax on students.



What does it

mean

for students?

Matt Carter

Visionary

Far-reaching Reform

a tax system to take us into the

millennium.....

perhaps

over the government's tax package

(Tax Reform: not a new tax, a new

tax system) reminds me of an

infant's response to a gift on

Christmas morning. The package sits

neglected as the child is distracted

by the shiny paper and ribbon.



One Continent . . . or seven countries?

Mark Horstman



It would be political suicide for any Prime Minister to suggest that tax reform, gun control, railways, industrial relations, health or education are anything but national issues requiring a national approach and vigorous public debate.

Yet strangely, it's a different story

when it comes to the environment. The realities of ecological management that demand national leadership are often drowned out by the shrill ghosts of State rights. We all know that water pollution does not stop at State borders. The atmosphere does not care which city the greenhouse gases come from. Endangered species and habitats find it difficult to cope with being protected in one State, and bulldozed in another. The Commonwealth Government has sufficient Constitutional powers to protect the environment in the nation's interest. But these powers are rarely used due to the political cringe called "States' rights". The national environment laws have protected our most famous ecosys-

tems by overriding poor decisions made by the States, including sandmining Fraser Island, wet tropical rainforest logging and the Franklin Dam.

When the first national environment law was introduced in Australia in the 1970s, we were less aware of global issues like climate change and the greenhouse effect. Australia needs new laws and strategies to better deal with modern environmental problems.

The Australian green movement believes there is a need to reform, improve and strengthen our environmental and heritage laws. Unfortunately, the Howard Government is failing to deliver its promised 'fundamental reforms'. Environment Minister Senator Hill has introduced new legislation to the Senate. A number of key national laws, such as the World Heritage Act, the Endangered Species Protection Act, and the Environmental Protection (Impact of Proposals) Act, have been compressed into just one new law - the Environment Protection and Biodiversity Conservation Bill 1998.

The ACF believes the legislation should

not be supported in its current form because it weakens the national capacity for leadership on the environment, and locks the community out of environmental decision-making. The Howard Government's new law proposes to do to the environment exactly what has been done with native title rights - legislate to transfer key responsibilities from the Commonwealth to the States, and exclude Indigenous people from the process.

The environmental track record of the last two years charts a clear trend of surrender of powers from the level of national interest to the parochial, and increasing influence of industry. Examples include the approval of the Jabiluka uranium mine in Kakadu before environmental studies were completed; the gutting of the National Pollutant Inventory; the uncertain future of the Australian Heritage Commission; and enabling States to acquire native title rights and intensify land use on pastoral leases.

Senators Hill's new legislation reflects this trend, and takes a very narrow view of what the Commonwealth's environmental

responsibilities should be. It does not provide a fundamental reform of environmental law to take us into the future.

Of major concern is the limited list of matters of 'national environmental significance' for which the Commonwealth assessment and approval process. This is good, but in the next breath the new law sets up agreements to delegate the Commonwealth's responsibilities to a State. In addition, the legislation proposes that 'conservation' agreements between developers and the Commonwealth would exempt their proposals from environmental impact assessment. This would deprive the public its right to be informed on significant developments, its right to comment, and importantly, the public's right to enforce the law if it is broken.

Greenhouse gas reduction, land clearing, water allocation, and land degradation are afforded a status that requires the automatic involvement of the Federal Government. They should be.

The new legislation does not cover many of Australia's significant native forests, with logging that affects

endangered species unlucky enough to live in a Regional Forest Agreements area exempt from approval under the national environment law. With more than half of Australia's terrestrial biodiversity occurring in forests, what will the new 'Biodiversity Conservation' Bill actually protect?

Survey after survey consistently shows that Australians want their national government to have more powers to act more decisively on the environment. It is clear that when the community thinks of major national responsibilities, we now think of the environment as well as the economy. The Australian Conservation Foundation and the entire environment movement fears that the Howard Government's environment legislation, if passed in its current form, will deliver less powers to the national government to act effectively. We are working to prevent that happening. The Australian people, and the diverse ecosystems of the continent we share, deserve better in the third millennium.

L a n d i n g t h e m i n e



Picture this. Monday 3 August: Resistance makes a sublime blunder, and in innocence books the main lecture theatre of the Mining, Minerals and Materials building to screen David Bradbury's *Jabiluka*. Activists arrive to find the theatre packed with the Undergraduate Mining and Minerals Processes engineers. An activist takes the podium. His opening statement pulls no punches. It's a finger.

Hell breaks loose. I arrive some time later. The unlikely has yielded to the impossible. The activists and the miners are engaged in a *dialogue*. I was amazingly pleased. The standard of public debate is shit-house in general. If only people could talk about things, if only people had space to *explain* rather than assert their position. I thought, surely many things could be cleared up? I decided that I would abandon my position in order to research this issue. It was *possible* I was wrong. I would have to look into it.

I attempted to lay out all of the relevant evidence on the Jabiluka case in a way which would allow the reader to draw their own conclusions. I became bleary-eyed and unmotivated,

my mother reported changes in my personal habits. I sold all my possessions and the report became 4500 words long and is still going. Here is a condensed version.

The first company to claim mineral rights over the Jabiluka uranium deposit was Pancon. The CEO was Tony Grey, a lawyer from Canada. Grey's book presents evidence of good relationships between himself and members of the Aboriginal community. For example he contacted tribal leaders directly to inquire about sacred sites before conducting drill surveys, well before they had filed a Land Claim on the area in question. He also relates camping with Bill Niedjie, the leader of the Bunitj tribe, in 1991.

The other mining company in the area was Ranger Ltd, who operated the Ranger mine. Ranger became ERA when they acquired Jabiluka in 1992. Our story begins in 1978, when the Fox commission was engaged to examine the issue of indigenous rights in light of Ranger's application to mine.

The Northern Land Council, acting on behalf of the Oenpelli community (Mirrar and other tribes), file a Native Title claim over the Ranger mine site. The chairman and other member of the NLC testify that the Aboriginal people do not want the mine. The chairman is replaced by Galawruy Yunipingu, who then states that the Government is entitled to 'push around' Aboriginals, and that the NLC is not bound to act in accordance with the wishes of the Indigenous owners. He 'forcefully recommends its (the NLC's) approval' for the mine.

The head of the Mirrar, Toby Ganggali, clearly states the Oenpelli opposition to the mine. Mr Viner, then Minister for Aboriginal Affairs, is on record acknowledging that the traditional owners were opposed to the mine but states "the question isn't whether or not there is going to be a mine, but how it's going to be carried out".

The mine goes ahead. The breakdown of the Ranger compensation agreement allocated 40% of the total monies to the NLC, a body in no way directly affected by the mine. (Jacqui Katona, advocate for the Mirrar, in Bradbury's *Jabiluka*).

Pancon table their Environmental Impact Study and decide on an underground mine, because this would have a lower impact. He states that Ranger "did not like this aspect of our plan because they could not avoid some release of [contaminated] water".

Grey develops an affable relationship with Galarrwuy Yunipingu, the chairman of the NLC. In 1980, he stays with Yunipingu at his tribal home, and Yunipingu has members of his tribe perform a corroboree for Grey. He writes "Galarrwuy could see the economic benefit of uranium mining. He had a shrewd idea of the money involved and what it could do to improve Aboriginal health care, education and small business opportunities."

The NLC file a land claim covering the Jabiluka deposit. Pancon support the claim because it must be processed before they mine. Ranger "viciously oppose" the claim because their exploration areas would be adversely affected. This policy pays off and Grey is able to start negotiating the terms of the "consent to mine" agreement before the Land Claim is granted.

At this time, the NLC state fallaciously to the Traditional owners that they are not negotiating the terms of the agreement. In 1998, the Aboriginal translator at the meeting states that the Traditional owners were unaware that they were giving consent to mine, instead thinking that they were agreeing to the Land Claim document. (Footage presented in Bradbury's *Jabiluka*).

The terms of the consent to mine agreement were negotiated over a period of 18 months, between the NLC and Pancon. Toby Ganggali represented the Traditional owners. Evidence from Grey and Bradbury suggests that the NLC was in support of mining. Ganggali negotiated his clan's case alone in a promising environment.

After 18 months of negotiating the terms of the agreement the question of consent was put to Ganggali. Jacqui Katona reports that Ganggali was so ill from the pressures of the negotiation he spent the whole of the meeting lying on the floor. In response he rose to his feet and said "I'm tired now. I can't fight anymore". This was recorded as consent.

In 1983 the ALP was elected Government and instituted the 3-mines policy which excluded Jabiluka. Pancon spends the mid 80s attempting to form agreements with Narbalek and Ranger to have Jabiluka "included" in their agreement. The failure to capitalise on Jabiluka results in a depressed share price. Pancon is bought by hostile interests in 1992 and the Jabiluka deposit is sold to Ranger, who become ERA.

There is evidence that the chairman of the NLC supported the mine at Jabiluka. Grey claims throughout his book that the traditional owners also supported the mine. He presents quotes from 1991, as follows:

Bill Niedjie: "A few old people went to meetings. want Jabiluka go ahead. But some died. I am left and am keeping story. White man, he have law. We have our law. We don't want to lose our dead men's words."

and "These people, they'll be sitting down, wait for something to sea, some money. They got nothing to do and white man, he turn around and blame Aborigines. Him say, 'Who brought this beer here?' We ask something else, to look after country. They got no work to do, so they'll have to go out and get drunk and fight each other."

Jacob Nayinggul: "We want the Kakadu National Park but Jabiluka was here before the national park. So that's the way we felt all the time before we sat down with them old fellas to do that book. As Big Bill [Naidjie] say, we want to see this mine go ahead; we don't want to see any other one, or any exploration in the park."

By contrast, the current position is as follows: an activist document presents a statement of intent regarding Jabiluka, undersigned by Yvonne Margarula, Jacob Nayinggul and Bill Niedjie. It states that mining has occurred in the Kakadu under duress, and that the agreements signed for the mines have not protected aboriginal communities. It states opposition to the mine at Jabiluka and any other mines. It denies that any amount of money is adequate compensation for the loss of cultural values. It

asserts that the intrusion of mining development constitutes an offence against the rights of Aboriginal people as citizens of Australia. They reject the Jabiluka mine.

Habitat magazine quotes Phillip Shirvington, the CEO of ERA: "ERA will push ahead with plans for Jabiluka whether or not it is ultimately opposed by the Senior Traditional Owner."

There are two uranium mines in the Kakadu. Ranger and Jabiluka. The Ranger mine was clearly against the wishes of the local community and has not benefited them, according to the Government's Kakadu Region Social Impact study. The status of the Jabiluka mine is not so clear.

It is certain that all the Senior Traditional owners oppose the mine, reject the agreement made with Pancon in 1982, and deny that any compensation is adequate. If ERA proceed with the mine it will be against their current wishes. ERA is arguably ethically compromised because of:

- problems with their environmental management,
- their history of a poor and adversarial relationship with Traditional owners,
- the fact that they continue to attempt to construct the mine despite overwhelming ethical opposition, specifically the unilateral opposition of the Traditional owners,
- the statement made by Phillip Shirvington that the mine will go ahead against the wishes of the Traditional owners.

The response of ERA, presumably, is this: it is not unethical for us to mine Jabiluka, because we are breaking no law to do so. ERA would argue that ethics in this case are adequately represented by law. I disagree, but ERA have the right to make this assertion. The legal case for the ERA Jabiluka mine hinges on the legitimacy of the 1982 Pancon/NLC agreement.

I cannot conclude with certainty that the 1982 agreement was achieved under duress, because I am not a court of law. However, I would argue most strenuously that there is a prima facie case that coercion did occur and that the issue must be resolved. Given that this is the case, the operations at Jabiluka must be suspended until such resolution is reached. The mine cannot be 'undone' - to proceed with it when its legality is in doubt is to commit an offence in the event that the outcome of a legal inquiry is unfavourable. I can only imagine that this would constitute contempt of court, and I believe ERA's ethical position collapses at this point.

The issue of what constitutes coercion also requires comment. Grey arguably behaved as an ethical businessman and held by the white community's requirement that he conduct business by dealing fairly with the Aboriginal people. However, 'fair' dealing as defined by a businessman and lawyer is a questionable term.

'Fair dealing' in this case consists of the rules of negotiation. These provide that the negotiator can and will use any means necessary to convince the other party to accede to their interests, short of depriving them of their rights in Law. "That's business", says a businessman. "You can't expect a businessman to compromise his interests in favour of the other parties, not when they've got to answer to the shareholders".

What this fails to appreciate is the notion of *equity* that is inherent in our conception of fairness. In this sense, the negotiations carried out were *not* fair. White culture is built on a certain sort of negotiation and this style of negotiation is different and alien to someone not raised in this environment. A lawyer and a successful businessman constitutes the best of the best at gaining the consent of the other party, using these specific techniques. In addition to this, the lawyer is endowed with monumental resources, to the tune of many millions of dollars, and an affable personality. The Aboriginal people, whether the NLC or the traditional owners, have not had the opportunity or experience to develop the skills and resources to match this. The negotiations could not be equitable and hence not fair, regardless of how much good will is reported by Tony Grey.

This is not intended to portray Abcoriginals as people who are unable to represent their own interests. On the contrary, I would say that the bitter lesson of Jabiluka has been learnt very

well indeed by the Mirrar and particularly by Jacqui Katona, who is obviously well-educated and completely capable of defending the rights of her people. Phillip Shirvington has stated that the mine is "about reconciliation. . . so that the benefits that come from development including the mine can be used in a constructive way to benefit Aboriginal lifestyles". I would argue that the Mirrar now know exactly what those 'benefits' entail, and now know what to expect in the negotiating process. I would demand that Shirvington stands by his rhetoric of 'benefit' and asks on public record for the consent of the Traditional Owners. If this is denied, I would demand that he cease forthwith the development of the Jabiluka mine.

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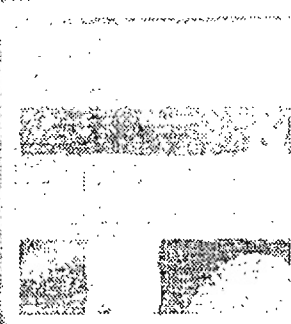
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Anyone bothering to look beyond the looming hulk of Titanic over this 90s cultural backwater will find a revolution going on.

You'd better believe it, baby - Blaxploitation is back from the 70s and ready to kick serious ass.

Cleopatra Jones, resigned to the dusty action section in video stores for the best part of two decades, made her



triumphant return to the big screen at this year's Film Festival, while her gravity defyin', afro-wearin', chop-bustin'

partner in crime Foxy Brown (aka Pamela Grier) hits the New Release shelves in Tarantino's Jackie Brown and Larry

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Blaxploitation

and
Andrew Leavold



Cohen's Hot City. The chicks are hitting back, and their hair's bigger than ever...

It's not surprising that the era of the Female Eunuch and Burn The Bra should produce so few black screen heroines. Society was erupting like a ripe peptic ulcer around the film industry, but the old wardogs clung to power, cranking out the same old male fantasies for a male-dominated audience. The 'Blaxploitation' fad hit cinemas in 1971 and it seemed at first the underdog was a new symbol of power. Think again - Whitey was at the helm, and all you got was Dirty Harry with a new sheen. Even the subversive Black Panther politics of Van Peebles' **Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song** (1971) couldn't disguise the chest-pummelling, dick-swinging male bully tactics of its young black hero. Over the next five years, more than 50 feature films were released with a male ghetto avenger as the central character. Women were mere adornments for John Shaft, Slaughter, Superfly ad nauseum to bang the booty (their words, not mine) or, for the more treacherous or plain unlucky, to blow away for good. The chicks, on the other hand, got barely more than ten features. Equal rights, my ass.

If you flip back to *Semper* #3, you'll find the potted history of the Filipino film industry. In short: American B-film companies found in the Philippines a cheap, plentiful supply of labour and locations for their tropical drive-in sleazefests. Admittedly these exploitation films are an acquired taste and a dubious form of entertainment; however they mark an important cultural milestone as the first features where a black actress, even playing a prison moll or topless revolutionary, is given a lead role of any substance. Director Jack Hill started the eightball rolling when he shot *The Big Doll House* in 1971, set in a nameless Latin American prison but filmed in the Filipino jungle. Unseen in Australia since the early 70s, the film featured a mixed cast of local and American exploitation regulars, but it's remembered as the first high-profile role for the later Queen of Blaxploitation, Pam Grier.

Legend has it that Sam Arkoff, head of American International Pictures saw a statuesque Grier at his company switchboard and cast her on the spot for her breakthrough hit **Coffy**. That, as they say, is bull shee-it. The former beauty queen made her film debut in 1970 as an extra in Russ Meyer's big breast bonanza **Beyond the Valley Of The Dolls**, and appeared in a number of B-pics shot in the Philippines the following year for AiP's rival company, Roger Corman's New World Pictures. Alongside her role as the tough-as-nails prostitute in **Big Doll House** were supports in the horror flick **The Twilight People** and as a topless hooker (again!) in **Cool Breeze**, then back behind bars for **Women In Cages**.

In **Women In Cages**, Grier plays the sadistic warden for once, a pot-smoking lesbian with a fully-equipped torture chamber (including a guillotine!). The 'New Fish' (a recent inmate, for you prison film novices), a ditzzy blonde ex-stripper called Alabama, has taken the heroin possession rap for her pimp boyfriend. She knows too much, so the pimp blackmails her cellmates to execute her. A competent and well-shot entry in the tropical prison genre from Filipino director Gerry De Leon, it places the embittered ex-addict and prostitute Grier in the position of slaveowner, watching her white charges toiling away in the plantation with obvious ironic glee.

Meanwhile, **Big Doll House** had made over the million mark for New World (at the time a big deal for an independent), so Corman handed Jack Hill another chunk' o' cash to make a follow-up using the two leads. **The Big Bird Cage** (1972), my favourite of these Filipino films, features Pam Grier and Sid Haig as a volatile pair of revolutionaries who attempt to kidnap a corrupt politician's girlfriend (Anita Ford). The plan fouls up, and their hostage is jailed in a girl's prison in the middle of the jungle, full of nymphos, junkies, sadistic lesbians and the obligatory

homosexual guards, to keep her silent. Pam and Sid, in between domestic feuds, slip into the prison to 'liberate' the hapless Anita, since she knows where the politician's money is! The 'Bird Cage' of the title is a bamboo sugar mill in the middle of the prison, a deathtrap used more often as a method of punishment. The tough-talkin' mommas eventually bust out, and in a twisted expression of sexual liberation, rape the head guard at gunpoint. Ugly sexual politics, I know, but political correctness is as alien a concept in these films as *Mary Poppins* with a vibrator.

Hellcats (aka *The Hot Box*, 1972) continued the jungle sleaze tradition, co-written by the future director of **Silence Of The Lambs**, Jonathan Demme. Director Joe Viola and Demme had already worked for Corman on the low-budget biker flick **Angels Hard As They Come**. They now headed to the Philippines to film the story of four deliberately vacant nurses (including its token black actress) kidnapped by the 'Peoples Army', a ragtag bundle of greasy drunks and lechers, and forced to spend most of their incarceration topless. Despite their hysterical over-acting, they slowly become politicized gun-toting radicals, once they are shown parallels

between the corrupt local government and the Nixon administration. It's a real pre-Watergate oddity, doleing out its heartwarming liberal sentiments while blatantly exploiting its female flesh.

Viola and Demme next paired the winning combination of Pam Grier and Sid Haig in yet another prison film, **Women In Chains** (aka **Black Mama White Mama**, 1972). Blonde revolutionary Margaret Markov and sworn enemy Grier, who thinks Markov's revolution is "jive-ass", bust out of prison chained together in a 70s gender reversal of **The Defiant Ones**. They continue to bitch and scratch each other as they head across the countryside (at one point dressed as nuns!) to meet up with Markov's bandit buddies. Sid Haig is the comedy relief in a cowboy hat as the lead bandit, and in one scene has two naked women riding him like a horse. Haig continued to work with Pam in **Coffy** and **Foxy Brown**, and was much later cast by Tarantino in a fitting touch as the sympathetic judge down from Grier in **Jackie Brown**.

Savage Sisters was the tail end of the Filipino cycle, hitting the drive-ins in 1974. Two female revolutionaries, an Filipino and an American (Cheri Caffaro, blonde star of the **Ginger Series**), are delivered to the army's chief interrogator Gloria Hendry for toriure. Hendry's ex-whore character is entirely motivated by greed, and is easily convinced to release them and head for a huge stash of revolutionary loot. Hendry, previously James Bond's black sidekick in **Live And Let Die**, delivers the best lines ("Hands off, mother...or your ass is ham and 'm the slicer!") and gets to carry a BIG submachine gun. Ubiquitous Sid Haig, as always, plays a cigar chomping Che Guevaro character. The three-way interracial female revolutionary angle was later used in a Filipino actioner and a short-lived American TV show, both called **Ebony Ivory & Jade**.

Back in the States, mainstream audiences still reeling from the one-two punch of **Shaft** and **Superfly** were subjected to a barrage of ghetto avengers - **Black Caesar**, **Willie Dynamite**, **The Candy Tangerine Man** and the rest - all covering depressingly familiar terrain. Black writer Max Julien (also an actor, playing the lead role in the pimpsploitation classic **The Mack**) offered AiP his script for a female alternative but passed. Warner was quick to snatch up the rights, and in 1973 foisted the first black superchick onto the American public: **Cleopatra Jones**.

The film opens with a blazing opium field somewhere in Turkey. Cleo Jones, hap-ki-do expert and international do-gooder, returns to America to report on her success as a 'special agent' in her one-woman war on dope. Lesbian drug baroness Mommy (Shelley Winters, fresh from Corman's **Bloody Mama**) is furious her poppy fields were torched, and threatens an all-out war between the Brothers and the Mothers. One of Mommy's uppity underlings, Doodlebug (Antonio Fargas, best remembered as Huggy Bear in **Starskey And Hutch**) is getting rich off stealing Mommy's coke, and provides a cautionary moral aside warning against living as a White Man's flunky (Cleo points to Doodlebug's white chauffeur, and asks "What next - two white jockeys on the lawn?"). With a "whacka-whacka" superfunk guitar in the background,

Cleo does her chop-sockey routine on the coke dealers and crooked cops, and kicks Shelley Winters' portly ass for her wild overacting in the final showdown. Tamara Dobson as Cleo Jones reportedly stood 6'2", and that doesn't include what must've been the BIGGEST afro in the business! Despite her physical prowess, the script doesn't give Cleo any real motive for her cartoon crusade (unlike the later **Coffy** and **Foxy Brown**) and reduces her to a smug self-satisfied cardboard cutout. Add the sloppy direction by Jack Starrett and you get a surprisingly poor release by a major studio.

AiP hit back, determined not to be outdone. By 1973 they had struck paydirt many times over with **Black Caesar** and its sequel, the two **Slaughter** films, several black/horror hybrids like **Blacula**, and of course the jungle prison sleazies, and now their first black superchick flick **Coffy** went into production. Jack Hill was at the helm again, along with the tried-and-tested formula of Pam Grier and Sid Haig. Coffy is a nurse by day and avenging angel at night, tracking down the dealers who got her sister hooked on the Big H. She opens the film blowing the head off a dealer with a shotgun, then follows the trail of dead bodies to a bald hood named Omar and her crooked politician boyfriend, who she shoots in the balls. "Revenge is a virtue", the soundtrack blares; critics applauded the liberated ballsy lead character while decrying the level of sex and sadism. As revenge actioners go, **Coffy** don't come better. Grier in her first lead role is a fucking sensation. Little wonder Tarantino tailor-made a film for her.

From the start of its pop art James Bond credits, AiP's next Grier vehicle **Foxy Brown** (1974) veers close to blaxplo parody. An unofficial sequel to **Coffy**, diector Hill & co are evidently finding it hard to take the whole ghetto revenge scenario seriously any more. No matter - the film's a winner. Foxy's boyfriend, a former undercover agent recovering from plastic surgery, is sold out by her coked-out brother (Antonio Fargas) in trouble with loan sharks, and are both gunned down by the Mob. Foxy infiltrates the Mob's call-girl racket (with a miniature pistol packed away in her afro!) and in one of the finest moments in exploitation

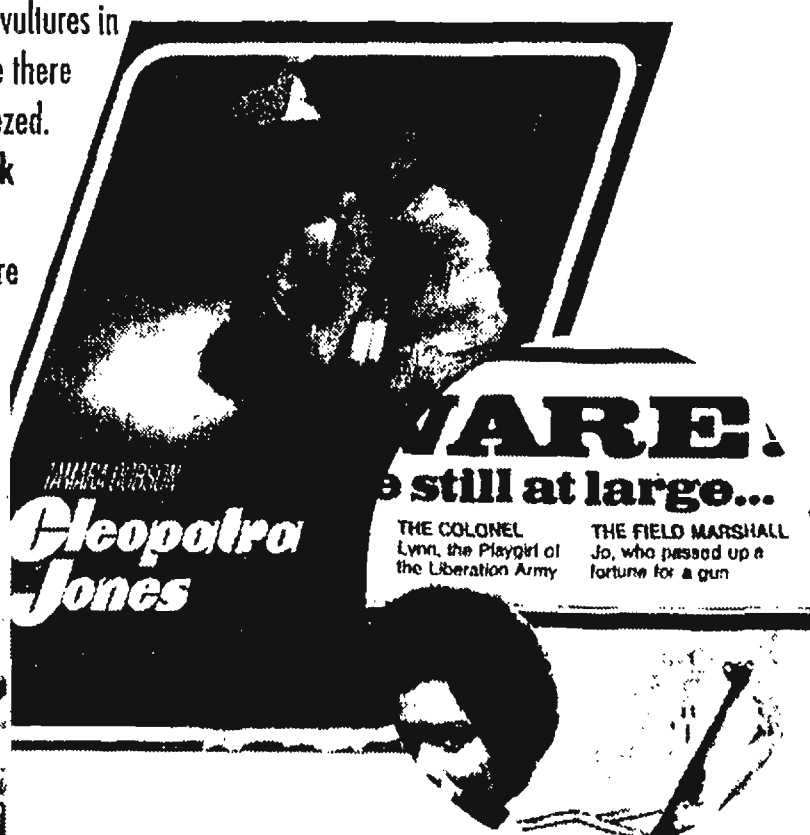
films, presents the head of the Mob with her boyfriend's dick in a jar (!). Other highlights include a barroom brawl in a lesbian club, and a gangster chopped in two by Sid Haig's propellor. Grier finished her contract at AiP with a series of similar but decreasingly successful roles: **Sheba Baby** (1975) as a black private eye, and as a comic-strip journalist in **Friday Foster** (also 1975). But the steam had run out of Black Hollywood, and Kung Fu was the latest craze. Martial arts was an essential ingredient in the later blaxploitation films like **Black Belt Jones** (starring Bruce Lee's black co-star in **Enter The Dragon**, Jim Kelly) and a last-gasp effort at the Black Superchick sub-genre, **Cleopatra Jones And The Casino Of Gold**.

It's a case of "sack the blacks, sign the chinks", when Cleo jets off to the Orient hot on the trail of two undercover agents who have mysteriously disappeared after an explosion on a sampan full of opium. In Hong Kong she teams up with shady operator Mi Ling, a female kung fu superstar in her own right - but that's another article. After layin' some kung-fu moves on the local Triads, they head to Macao to investigate the white-as-snow owner of the 'Casino of Gold', the Dragon Lady, played by Stella Stevens. Stella spent the 60s looking sweet and acting dumb; here she plays a vicious lesbian heroin lord (again with the lesbians?) and gets deadly with a blade. Tamara Dobson returns as Cleo, minus the big hair but still the show pony for those ghastly 70s fashions. The film plays up the comedy and was a hit for a brain-dead actioner, but the genre, like Stella Stevens at the end of **Casino of Gold**, was dead in the water.

The independents hung like vultures in the blaxploitation field while there was still a dollar to be squeezed. Their superchick flicks (**Black Sister's Revenge**, **TNT Jackson**, **Lady Cocoa**) were as lame as their Z-grade

male counterparts and are to be avoided like the plague. Two indies have surfaced on local video: **Honey Baby Honey Baby** (1974) combines black cartoon-strip antics (like Pam Grier's **Friday Foster**) with the 'Brother Man in the Motherland' subgenre (**Shaft In Africa**, **Superfly TNT**). Honey Baby, the "sweetest sister in Harlem", wins a trip to Beirut and is slipped a formula to preserve a dead African president's body, and finds every criminal including Super-baddy Calvin Lockhart after her. It's ambitious shite, but shite nonetheless, ultra-cheap and too painful for words. **Velvet Smooth** (1975) plunders **Cleopatra Jones** territory and stars Johnnie Hill, a stick-thin fashion disaster in her lemon suit and Tamara Dobson afro wig. As demonstrated by **Dynamite Johnson** in the Filipino article, martial arts was the old stand-by to warm up any old leftovers, and VS contains the lamest kung-fu scenes you'll ever witness, where the punches land twelve inches from their target. Best of all is the title song: "Velvet Smooth, you are the one Velvet Smooth, with love or with guns... You're Velvet Smooth, with piece in hand If fate takes your youth, I won't understand..."

And so twenty years follow from blaxploitation's dying breath, Tarantino, the big-chinned fan of Foxy Brown, turns Pam-Baby into a 90s poster girl. Next every white girl on your block will be sporting an afro wig and tall shoes and calling you "motherfucker". You'd better turn yo white ass and run...



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Mitch- I guess the other big contrast with classical music traditionally is that of the focus on the performers as individuals rather than the composer as central figure.

and imbue it with all kinds of meaning, personality and poetry, but jazz is very different in the sense that in the hands of a good improviser, some very coherent music can be made in real time.

Paul – Duke is the great role model for anybody who has tried to lead a large ensemble of improvising musicians. I don't think it's ever been done better than Duke Ellington. And he managed to create an enormous literature for that kind of band, a lot of it based on the blues too. No matter how convoluted, sophisticated, remarkable and inspired his music gets, it's always got its feet firmly in the ground in terms of rhythm and blues, as opposed to 'rhythm and blues', which is something different. But yeah, the Art Orchestra is attempting to

Mitch - Getting back to this idea of the individual and the system, which we touched on before through your work with the Art Orchestra. I was wondering if you could talk about jazz education and the tendency along with that to turn jazz into a museum piece, and the sense in which the more respect above the board that jazz acquires, there's

more of a tendency to institutionalise it, to ossify rather than to allow it to grow in an organic fashion, which is of its very nature.

Paul - My god, you could say the same about anything really! Let's imagine that you were a painter from Australia and you went to study in some fantastic art academy somewhere, you'll either end up being just another painter who's not very inspired but perhaps a good draughtsman, or you might end up being a radical, incredible person. I don't think academies stand in the way of anything - they don't necessarily ossify. I mean it's necessary to codify things in order to convey them but essentially, to learn to play jazz in a sense is no different from learning any other musical skill. It's really about being able to play the instrument very well, certainly to the extent where you feel like you can say what you want to say. I mean that as much about Thelonious Monk as I do about Art Tatum. Thelonious Monk in a way is such a great piano player that he's beyond category as a pianist because only he could play like that. Whereas you'll hear some people say that Thelonious Monk couldn't play because he didn't have a particularly good technique, but he had a brilliant technique for what he wanted to do. This is the thing about jazz, you can go and learn, but like in anything else, inspiration is a mysterious thing and where it comes from nobody knows, and who is eventually going to be sparked with it... I don't know, I can't explain that. An institution is not going to stand in the way.

If the institution is no good then those kids who have that kind of inspiration will just leave.

Mitch - Which you yourself did?

Paul - I did but it was because they weren't teaching what I wanted to learn. I wanted to learn really about how to play jazz, at that stage, and there was really nowhere in 1976 that you could go and do that. So I just did it by the same way that most other people did at that time, which was by listening to records and playing a lot.

Mitch - *Having talked previously about your interest in the visual arts and poetry, would you talk a bit about the idea of jazz musicians working with artists in different media?*

Paul - Well I haven't done a lot of it. That kind of jazz is either quite interesting or absolutely embarrassing so I tend to steer away from things like that. I mean, I haven't had the experience of meeting someone who I particularly wanted to work with in that area. I've worked with poets, but I like to set their words to music. Someone like Philip Hardy who I've worked with reasonably frequently over the years. He's a great poet, and I love to write words to his hard music. But in terms of the synaesthesia, it's hard because the processes are quite different. , A very good friend of mine when I was growing up is now a very successful painter called Philip Hunter, and Philip does landscape-derived oil

paintings, extraordinary really, he's one of the truly great painters that we have, and we used to talk long about how we can collaborate, what can we do, how can we explore a process which defines the creative moment and finds metaphorical moments in our respective processes that mirrors the other. But I think it's probably a white elephant. The most important thing is that the reason one person paints and the other person plays music is because that's what they're supposed to do. The processes are different, the outcomes are different, they're not supposed to be the same. The reason for a painting is different from the reason for a piece of music.

Mitch - And the time scale over which it evolves.
Paul - Exactly. It's a very romantic notion. You have people like Liszt who used to write 'tone' poems based on terrible paintings they seemed to like at the time.

Mitch - I guess you can lay the blame on Wagner if you go back far enough

Paul – Even before Wagner. It's certainly a High-Romantic notion. There are interesting collaborations that take place, particularly between video artists and improvisers that are interesting in the sense that it's possible now to have an improvisatory element... But I mean, Blue Poles by Jackson Pollack, who painted it in a real time situation, I suppose you could say came close to some kind of jazz aesthetic. And yet what remains is a painting and he intended it to be a painting. Whereas a jazz performance by Charlie Parker at the same time is something of immense, infinite fragility because it disappears in the moment which it was made. So it's the opposite.

Mitch - What do you see as the role of jazz critics?

Paul – Critics should be polemicists if they're going to be any good. A critic in order to be in any way taken seriously needs to find their own criteria to say whether something's good or bad. In a way, although I despise most of what he represents, a guy like Giles Auty is probably quite a good critic because he explains clearly what his position is. Even someone like Philip Larkin, the great poet, wrote extensively on jazz in a shocking, embarrassingly conservative style – he said that Miles Davis couldn't play and proudly trumpeted this because he knew that it would offend so many people.

Mitch – I suppose that's a fairly solid warning to anyone wanting to make such strident criticisms or judgments about the next big thing.

Paul – (chuckles) Yeah and jazz is a difficult thing to write about because I'm yet to see somebody who is able to really say where they're coming from and why they think something's important. It involves a real understanding of what the person is doing, a deep understanding. And most of our critics are hopeless at that – all they do is say 'somebody playing flurries of this and sheets of that' but what it was that they

were playing, they wouldn't have a clue. And therefore it becomes incredibly un-quantifiable for them, to tell really between the quality of one performer against another. Because if two people play lots and lots of notes, and one of them is obviously much better than the other, why is that so? And that's what a critic should be able to articulate.

Mitch - One fairly obscure question, but I often wonder whether jazz is scarce or ubiquitous given its origins as a hybrid art that has gone on assimilating from that point forward to the point where it's presently found in rap or funk music for example. Do you tend to agree with either point of view?

Paul - Nah, not really. So is everything else that's found in rap - they're sampled, it's jazz of the found object. In its found object form, it's somebody else's recording very often. And playing a few little jazzy riffs over some groove doesn't make something jazz.

Paul - No way. It's like a cartoon version, it's like

doing a cartoon of Dostoevsky. Jazz is a way of doing things, I've often said this. Jazz is either a type of music or it's a way of doing things. So jazz is a noun or an adverb. And the type of music called jazz is historical and I think that we may as well get used to that notion.

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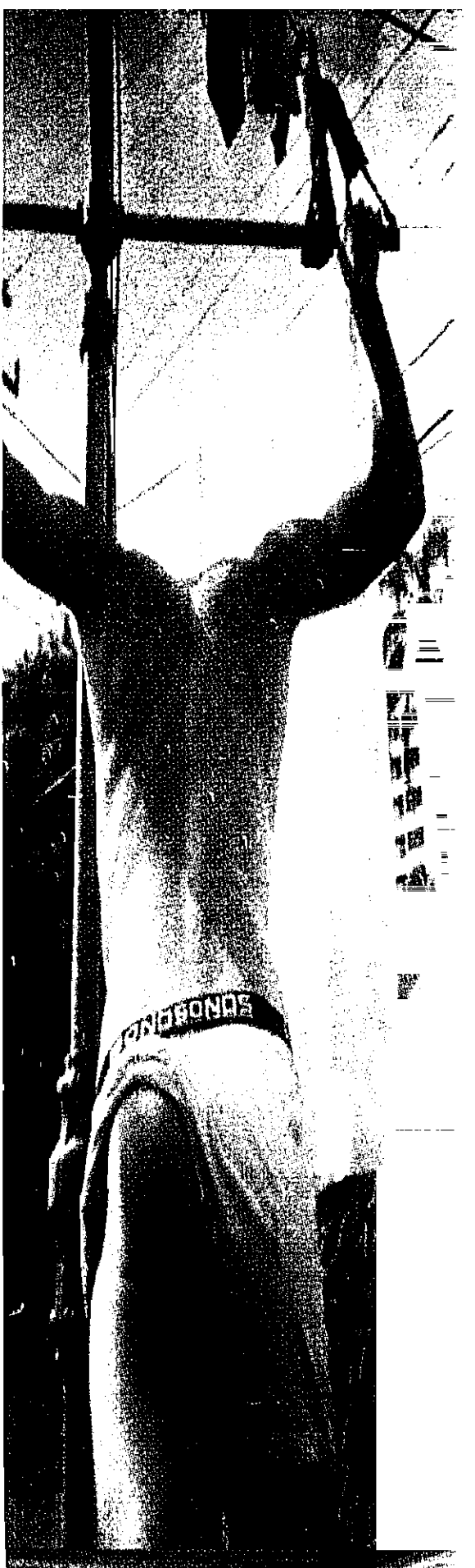
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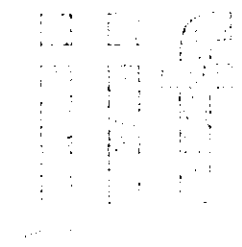
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First there was Black & White
The Australian arthouse magazine that
Then there was Blue
introduces you to some of this country's
Then, would you believe it, there was Not Only Sport
finest young domestic stars, where
Now there is Not Only Jif
contemporary photography is linked
with giddy bodies and the type of
domestic products that make you
just want to strip off and scrub.
No dirt
No fat.

NOT ONLY





simon drake

Migration is a typical, natural temptation for the young or in need. Some people swim through shark infested waters to find freedom. Some people marry obese dirty old men to land a passport in a holiday country. Some people never move at all. And some people, if they don't move, lose themselves and the village they're in to the throngs of an active volcano. Some lucky people are forced to migrate to a penal colony. Let's step back and peer through the Zen magnifying glass: Home and Destination are the same place. That, and you're never really going nowhere.

For 23 years I lived under the shadow of the Brisbane Apocalypse. This was an ordinary and colourful life in the Queensland sun. I wonder whether I owe any body or thing for living such a blessed existence considering that someone a lot like me out there lives in Sarajevo, Beijing or Stalingrad. Through the Zen magnifying glass, Brisbane's coexistence with Simon was a Rancho Relaxo Experience. Once you know the ins and outs and are prepared to work and think a bit, Brisbane is a nice little Eden to retire to (even if you are 20). I was content, but is it not the starving man who sees more clearly? But how do you attain a focus beyond what you already know when you are surrounded by the Garden of Kindness. You need a snake, something a bit evil and nasty, something tempting, venomous and addictive. Zen ZOOM: Brisbane became so kind that I had to get out. Boredom was making me crackers, I was losing drive and desperately keen for some action. I decided I could do two things: Stay in Brisbane for 6 or so months, save money and go overseas (Cuba?) or invest myself in my own country and move interstate. The cheaper move? Find a big city that's close. So I have, and I ain't looking back (not while I'm young anyway).

postcard from Sodomy

I embarked on one of the more typical moves that kids from Brisvegas make - I went to Sydney. I don't call it that anymore, I don't even say theOlympic City. To me, it's Sodomy because Sodomy will do you up the butt any chance it can. It's the only place where 5 mins at a parking meter can cost \$1. You just watch your cents tick away.

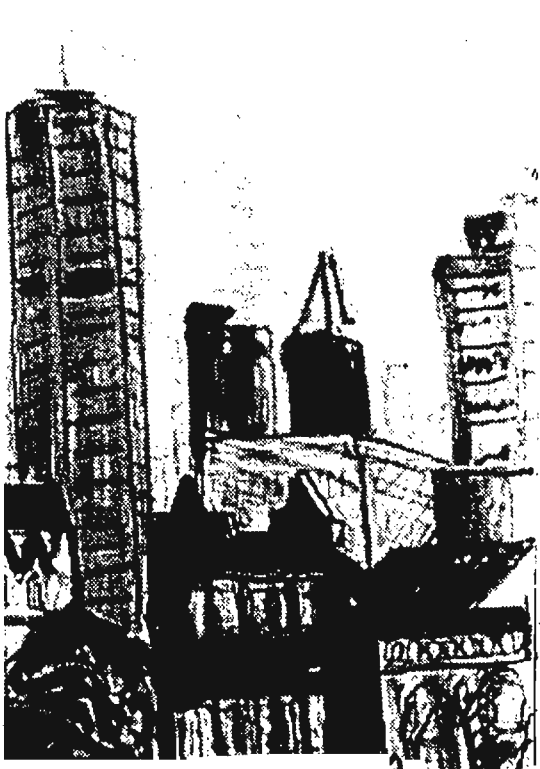
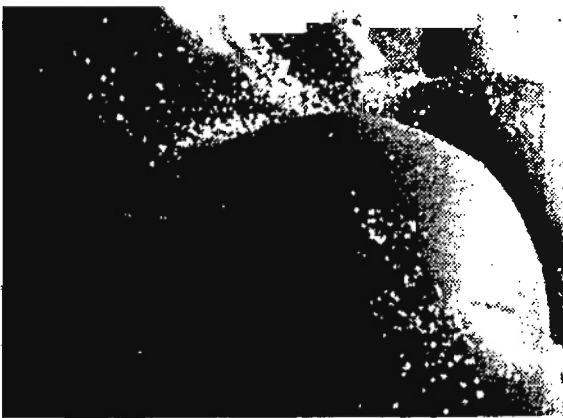
In these big busy city streets, you can feel the calibre of big-dicks in swish suits carving up the Australian Market over a caf' breakfast. Sodomy is all about balls, ageism, it's too cool for schoolisms, it's about multiple orgasms (if you've got the pink coke) and showism. Impression is vital, next comes fresh oxygen. Citizens of Sodomy that have established themselves beyond the 'serfs' are quite high in the clouds and rightly so. In their eyes they have made it in the big smoke, can handle a cigar all by themselves and at the end of the day, need a little reward for themselves. What better way to celebrate hardwork than fangio-ing your Porsche down Oxford St? Especially if the cool chicks turn their heads. Reward yourself with a single bedroom unit overlooking the Harbour. Indulge in some opulence, you only live once. WARNING: ALL THIS COSTS CASH. HARD CASH

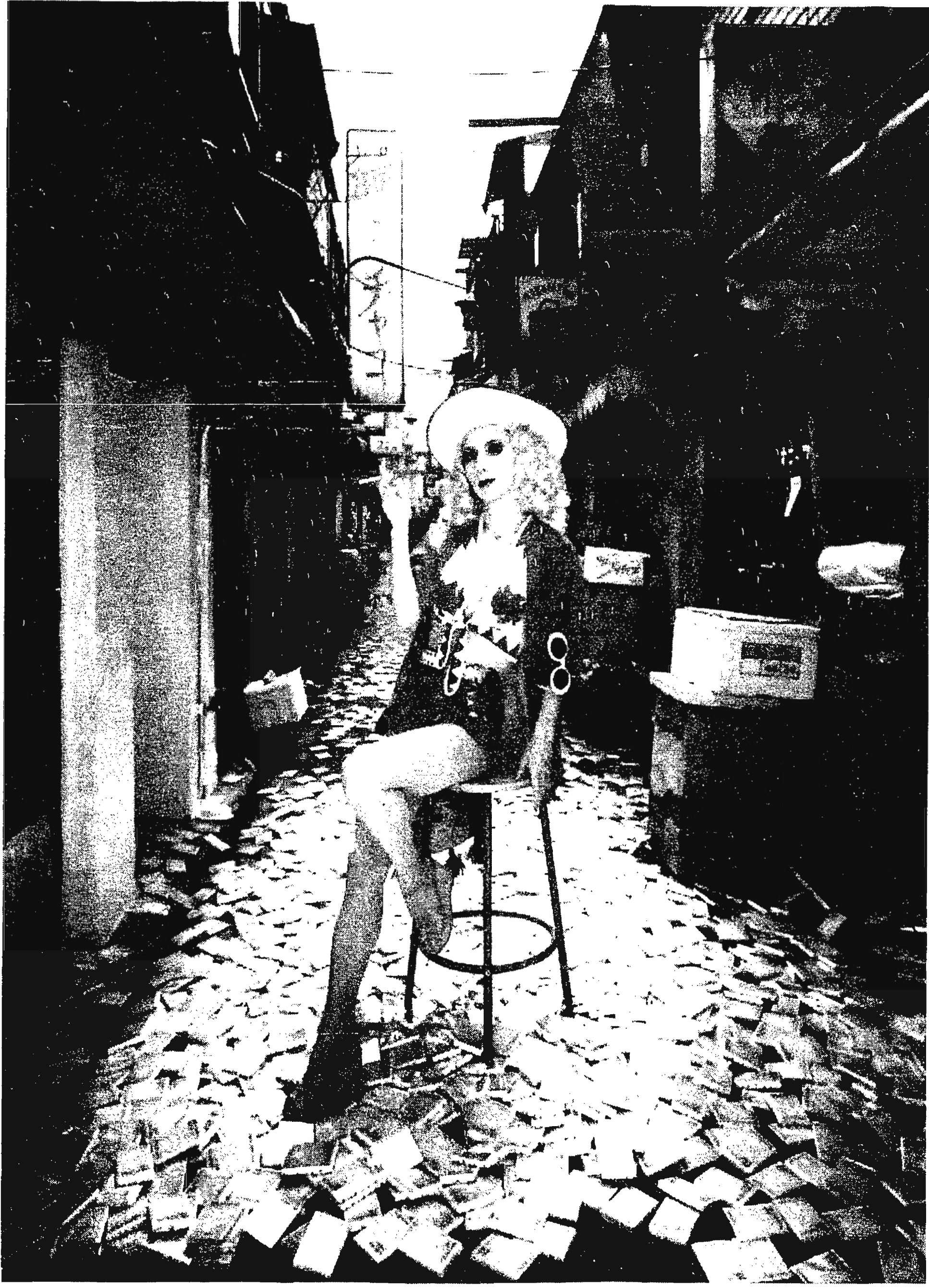
And all these things are a bit far away for me. At ground level, I can no longer afford a Stuyvesant softpack and have to settle for the \$4.05 Holiday 20s to get me through to the next paycheck. Money speaks louder than any dreamer's words. But the reality is, and I suppose this is an Eastern Suburbs THING, for all the image, the bucks, koolness and illusion, the best thing you can do is to be yourself. The average Joe in Sodomy is not fazed by not looking 200% good. It's only the brats that come here to improve their ego by stomping on others that are highly arrogant and annoying. They have some growing up to do.

One great thing about Sodomy is that the illusion you have of yourself (ie. astronaut, terrorist, King Kong balls futures-trader, brain surgeon, supermodel) is soon put to the test. As a Brisbane visionary, I thought I could achieve anything and that I might serve quite a useful purpose in the big smoke. But no, I had to learn the hard way that life down here is tougher. There are more fish and the ones that have the head start on you will no doubt be swimming faster and harder, and with more greed in their gills (the 80s' compassionate relationship with wealth exists and flourishes in Sodomy).

Successful hyper-competing means having hard-core skills and the drive to implement them. This Rat-Race is further accelerated by employers who demand it to be so, and know they can get it. Not to mention that if you aren't doing what you want to do, your new cold-nosed neighbours will look upon you poorly (if they look on you at all, serf). It's quite possible in Sodomy to be an over-qualified dish-washing pig earning your crusts. You do what you have to, and not as much as what you'd like to. But. At least you know where you're going (I think I do). The sheer pace means that if you don't adapt, you get left behind. That's Sodomy.

Now, why would you, apart from money-earning, professional, and 'I like to party-hard' reasons, stay in Sodomy when Brisvegas is such a lush and peaceful place? There has to be a good reason. Home and Destination are the same place. If you can make the action your home, then it was always your destination. The greatest lure of the big city is the opportunity. For the young and adventurous, those who are yet to find a practical path to even tempt opportunity to come their way, then Sodomy is the place to sharpen the knives, hone the skills and basically, learn how to be a cunt so that you can go back to your old home town and NO ONE can boss you around.





r eve_ue

making woopie



'Time to eat. Do you think I could get a piece of fruit please?' Stephan Elliott lounges back into the luxurious coiffure of one of the Heritage Hotel's push chairs. He has a cigarette in one hand and a something-and-coke in the other. As the PR person scuttles off to find some fruit, Elliott sighs and exhales a stream of smoke. The filmmaker is clearly exhausted, having just finished production on *Eye of the Beholder* after six months in Toronto 'without a single day off'. The last six days have been spent selling his latest film, *Welcome to Woop Woop*, to the Australian media.

He is in a fiery and rambunctious mood. 'Darryl Sommers is a fuckwit! There's the proof, read that.'

Across the table that separates us, Elliott tosses a clipping from the previous day's Melbourne Age, a brief yet sensationalist piece reporting that Sommers had walked out of a screening of *Woop Woop* on the grounds 'that it was vulgar and offensive, sentiments that have been echoed through test screening audiences.

'What a fucking hypocrite! The man is an idiot! I can remember watching *Hey, Hey It's Saturday* when I was a kid. An 'angel' would come down from heaven with the voice of John Blackman saying 'I've got very sore flaps!' and Darryl would say 'Oh, you've got sore flaps have you?' Then he gets offended at my film and calls it vulgar! This is what political correctness does!'

Woop Woop, which Elliott describes as very complex and very dark ('It's like *Wake in Fright* on acid,' he claims enthusiastically) is essentially an attack on political correctness. The basic plot is nothing totally new; a young con-man from New York ends up on the run in the outback in a typically fish out-of-water situation (reminiscent of the transvestite escapades of Elliott's last film, *Priscilla, Queen of the Desert*). Teddy (Jonathon Schaech) becomes involved and 'seduced' by Angie (Susie Porter), 'the best lay in the southern hemisphere'. Knocked unconscious, Teddy wakes up in the unknown town of Woop Woop 'married' to the painfully 'ocker' Susie. This is a trait that is shared with the town's inhabitants as they all wallow in a most basic level definition of what it means to be Australian: farting, downing tinnies, smokin', rooting...well you get the drift. *Woop Woop* is lorded over by Angie's father Daddy-O (Rod Taylor) who enforces two laws; nobody leaves Woop Woop without his permission and that permission is never granted. The population of Woop Woop live in this hybrid community where *Crocodile Dundee* meets George Orwell with an acceptance

that borders on insanity. In the background is the constant presence of the town's radio station that plays only tunes from Rogers and Hammerstein musicals (the film is the first to be given access to the Rogers and Hammerstein library, an achievement that Elliott is decidedly proud of).

Woop Woop is a ghost of what Elliott sees as a disappearing Australia, an outback culture that is being devoured by political correctness and the spread of cosmopolitan ideology. It is the Australia of Sir Les Patterson and Barry McKenzie and it is no coincidence that Barry Humphries, Australia's icon of self-parody, makes a cameo appearance.

It is a coincidence however, that the film's release has coincided with the rise of Pauline Hanson and One Nation.

'We walked into a political fucking minefield with this film,' says Elliott, a situation that he seems to have relished.

'Rod's speech in the film where he brings a tear to everyone's eye about being a 'little battler', I mean that is basically a cry for One Nation. But the film is an attack on political correctness, which I loathe. Tell me to do one thing and I'll do the absolute opposite!'

A self-proclaimed 'subversive son of a bitch', Elliott is no stranger to what he sees as the regressive forces of political correctness; *Priscilla* earned him much criticism from the gay community, only to be later asked to act as a spokesperson for the same group.

'The more politically correct we get, the louder Hanson will become. Everyone just needs to sit down, relax and have a drink.'

Daddy-O and his brood represent to Elliott a sense of individuality, an icon that's as Ocker as the language and colloquialisms that litter the character's dialogue. Part of the fun of the film for me (and perhaps this is what Mr Sommers found so vulgar) was coming to grips with the countless euphemisms for intercourse.

My favourite was the terribly seductive 'split my spam castanets'. Daddy-O however remains the embodiment of Elliott's Australia.

'There is a genuine heroic side to Daddy-O,' explains Elliott. 'In the original script he was just this horrible monster. But I saw him as something of a hero, the last of the Aussie Battlers. So he is actually quite a complex character. To me there is nothing worse than American movies full of one-dimensional bad guys and good guys. I make movies for myself and myself only.' *Woop Woop*, as a result, is a film for Australian audiences and one that does not translate well into other countries; preview audiences Stateside have left screenings with perplexed looks on their faces. Even in this country responses have been about as attractive as some of the kangaroo carcasses that inhabit Woop Woop.

Elliott remains non-plussed, confident that the film needs no defence of what it sets out to achieve.

'Audience reaction is of course very important, but you can't please everyone. I was allowed into some of the test screenings in the States which is quite unusual. At the end this Yank gets up and says that he doesn't understand the beginning scene where people in the street in New York all take out guns and fire at the cockatoos. He said something like 'Oh, that just wouldn't happen.' So I couldn't help myself. I got up and said 'For fuck's sake - it's a movie!'

'I had to be removed after that. I mean bloody Godzilla can walk around stomping on buildings! Nobody's got a problem with that!'

It seems paradoxical that Elliott, who admits that with *Woop Woop* he is out to offend, should get his own tail feathers ruffled by a poor anonymous American. It is a side of the filmmaker that is instantly obvious, a passion for his work and what it stands for. In this case, a call to arms for a fading culture.

'It's a homage to a past that is nearly dead...but don't tell me it's not there. I've done it, I've been out to these places where you get into fights in bars and get beaten up by Daddy-O's. But despite all that, it's still a beautiful place. Isolation is what protects that individuality, and unfortunately the media, mobile phones and Madonna is ruining that aspect.

'That's what I'm making films for, to protect that Australian culture.'

Finally the PR person comes flying into the room with an extravagant platter of just about every type of fruit imaginable, a gross overstatement of the request for a piece of fruit. It is a fitting image; the hapless Elliott in stunned contemplation of the ludicrous mountain of fruit in front of him. It is a scene that could fit into any of his films.

'Thanks a lot...but an apple would have been fine!'

Nick Leys

young turks be free

The Festival screening provided Tony with the opportunity to see an audience react to the film. The fact that the screening was sold out three days beforehand indicated the interest that both films had generated.

"It was just the biggest blow out seeing it on the big screen," Tony admitted.

"My family were in the two front rows, and I'd be like 'Oh no, here comes another bong hit or another 'fuck'!' Then Dad walked up to me afterwards and he was pretty quiet for a while. Then he goes, 'There's something I'd like to say' and I'm like, Oh no here it comes. And all Dad said was that he thought the smouldering man character hadn't been properly developed. Yeah, thanks Dad!"

Priscilla Cameron and Michelle Warner, writers and directors of *Mr Pumpkin's Big Night Out*, have run the same gauntlet as Tony and share a similar optimistic outlook for their film and future no-budget film makers.

Described by its makers as a comedy about finding Mr Right in the process of getting even with Mr Wrong, *Mr Pumpkin* is basically a road movie. Melinda Butel, Sara Zwongabani and Amy Grey must hunt down the elusive stand-up comic and part-time porn star Mr Pumpkin after unwillingly 'starring' in one of his films.

The pursuit takes them into the outback before a final confrontation at Surfers Paradise. It is funny, fast-paced and apart from a rather lame ending (sorry guys) remains as entertaining as many of the filth-swine projects that end up on the screen at suburban multi-pexes.

Priscilla and Michelle began work on the project at last year's festival which involved script readings and various fundraisers. Apart from some script development funding from Film Queensland, the film making duo relied on favours, equipment loans and fundraising events that tallied up at around the one hundred thousand dollar mark. One lone stranger anonymously put \$150 in their letter box with a note saying 'don't give up'. "Mostly it was friends and family that helped us out," said Michelle.

"Our associate producer, Katharina Keil, was responsible for most of the fundraising and for finding private investors. She even got Kevin Spacey to donate \$50."

The four week, six days a week shoot took place during October of last year at locations near Roma, Wallambilla, the Gold Coast and Brisbane. Accordingly, the gung-ho spirit of no-budget film making dictated the whole process.

"Once we decided to do it we just asked ourselves why we hadn't done it sooner," said Michelle.

"At times it was frustrating," added Priscilla.

"Everyone worked for free basically, on deferred contracts, so that really limits your choice of people. It can be really frustrating, especially if one of your cast members gets paid work four days before a shoot. But we pitched the whole thing as an adventure and got a really eager group of people."

Michelle said that at the no-budget level of film making, you usually get really committed people involved because there are no instant rewards so people are there for the right reasons.

Despite the success of the festival screening, the pair are still wondering what their next step will be.

"We've organised for a few screenings down south to spark some interest," said Michelle.

"Apart from having the print blown up, we need the soundtrack laid down and to pay everyone for their work - so there is still some work to do."

Looking back, the pair reflect on the things that they would have done differently.

"We've done things backwards," said Michelle.

"Usually you'd find a distributor at the script stage. But at least we've got a product to show people."

"You really have to give yourself heaps of preparation time," adds Priscilla.

"You have to realise that it takes more time than you think. Also finding the right advice is quite tricky."

Both Michelle and Priscilla have begun working on other scripts and projects, but are waiting for the time being to see what happens to *Mr Pumpkin*. Likewise, Tony is holding on to see what becomes of *Waste*.

"Jeff and I have begun work on another script," he warns.

"It's an ethnic based comedy, a tiny bit high-brow...that means it will have only one fart joke!"

Both films fly in the face of institutionalised film making in this country which remains largely blind and out of touch. The style of film making they exemplify footnotes the cultural mandarins that occupy the highest offices of film funding, those bureaucratic/public relations slobes that largely hinder rather than nurture an independent approach to film making. For Tony, the imposed rules are there to be ignored.

"People say that it should take three years from treatment to final product. That's bullshit. It's not like that, you have to break conventions," he concludes.

Michelle agrees.

"We broke all the rules to get the film made. If your dream is big enough, you'll find a way."

nick leys

FEAR AND LOATHING IN LAS VEGAS



This non-stop barrage of illicit drug taking set against the backdrop of the neon monster that is Las Vegas is adapted from the novel by celebrated American political journalist-come-author, Hunter S. Thompson. As far as I can recall the movie sticks fairly closely to the story told in the book but admittedly its been a few years since I read it. Either way, I think it would be safe to say that with both movie and book, you either love them or hate them (or you don't really get them entirely).

If you are into watching people imbibing copious amounts of a wide variety of drugs, then I would recommend going. On the other hand, if this isn't really your piece of cake but you've got a thing for Johnny Depp, then go and see it for his performance as the seriously drug-addled Thompson alone, which is, in my opinion, flawless (he even bares a frighteningly close resemblence to the author). Depp is, I think, one of the most competent actors around at the moment, with the ability to step into his roles, to become his characters, leaving very little of himself behind. He's come a long way since 21 jump

suits, with movies like *Edward scissor-hands* and *Deadman*, and while I wouldn't say this is the crowning achievement in his career, its still a pretty bloody impressive performance.

I couldn't tell you if *Fear and Loathing* was a good or bad movie, it just doesn't seem to fit into those categories. It was an experience, it was full on, and when I came out of the cinema into the real world everything seemed just a little left of centre, a bit weird. Almost as if by just watching Thompson and his maniacal Samoan lawyer ingesting the average annual narcotic consumption of Nimbin in about three days, some of it had been absorbed into my own bloodstream. Or maybe it just set off a relapse (but that's another story!).

Anyway, as your lawyer I advise that you go and see *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas* and make up your own mind. If nothing else it's a trip man.

Cass Selwood

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT MARY GIVEAWAY



From the Farrelly Brothers, those goofy bastards responsible for *Dumb And Dumber* and *Kingpin* comes ***There's Something About Mary***, probably the funniest film imaginable about animal abuse, testicle abuse and true unrequited love. As funny as semen-hair gel and as terrifyingly dramatic as a small dog on speed, *There's Something About Mary* stars Cameron Diaz, Ben Stiller and Matt Dillon. And thanks to the wonderful goofy bastards at Twentieth Century Fox, Semper has heaps of double passes to give away. Send us your testicles in a stamped self-addressed envelope (if you want them returned) or answer the following question... What should you do if you get anything caught in the zipper of your pants? Come into Semper with the answer....

HENRY FOOL



Premise: Devil moves into shy garbage man’s basement flat, inspiring him to write Nobel prize winning poetry which has the power to make a dumb girl sing. Garbage man borne to top of the heap while devil subsides into suburbia’s underworld.

Pedigree: From the director of stylized stories of urban dislocation including *The Unbelievable Truth*, *Trust*, *Simple Men*, *Amateur*. Winner of Best Screenplay at 1998 Cannes Film Festival

Verdict: Strongly influenced by the work of Jean-Luc Godard, Hartley’s films are highly stylized with speech terse and repetitive and gestures tightly choreographed (he apparently manipulates actors like models to obtain the perfect head angle). Such stylisation, aided by strong dialogue and incongruous plot twists lends an unreality to the most violent of situations in Hartley films. *Henry Fool*, despite continuing with this stylisation, is the darkest and most affecting feature film Hartley has released to date.

Shy Simon Grim (James Urbaniak) scrapes up against every surface of the world. We find him eking out a numb existence as a garbage man in working class suburbia living with lonely, over-medicated mother Mary (Maria Porter) and nymphomaniac sister Fay (Parker Posey) - aside, Hartley films are notable for their strong female characters. However, even the females are directionless in this film. Into Simon’s life arrives Faustian Henry Fool (Thomas Jay Ryan) with a mysterious past - ‘I’ve been bad, repeatedly’ who becomes mentor to Simon when he writes a poem inspiring worldwide acclaim and controversy (Camille Paglia defends its relevance in a cameo) when released over the internet. Themes range from the distinction between genius and mediocrity, paedophilia, decay and dissatisfaction in the suburbs, internet controversy and the aesthetics debate. Hartley allows the audience to come to its own conclusions while swinging from situations of extreme hilarity to brutal violence. Hartley films do not have mass appeal and do not intend to, if the preceding descriptions sound attractive then you may find the film enticing. In my opinion it is one of his best works to date. The film’s minimalist score was largely composed and performed by Hartley.

Future work: Hartley is currently working on a short film for French TV in which Christ (Matin Donovan) and Mary Magdalene (PJ Harvey). return to the contemporary world to deal with Satan.

Nic Mathison

DEAD LETTER OFFICE



I used to write letters to Santa Claus when I was a kid, usually asking to be the next James Bond, or at least for a sports car. My mother would humour me and pay for the stamp, then post the letter off to somewhere at the North Pole. It has never occurred to me that these letters must have reached some sort of destination, probably with bundles of others, and that someone somewhere had to ‘process’ this mail as if its intentions were every bit as serious as ‘normal’ mail. In *Dead Letter Office*, that somewhere and someone has become the subject of a light hearted and refresning tale of acceptance and belonging.

Alice (Miranda Otto) hasn’t seen her father since she was nine years old, but has written diligently to him ever since. The letters are always returned with an intriguing ‘Dead Letter Office’ stamp emblazoned on the envelope. When she sees an advertised position vacant for the office, Alice also recognises an opportunity to track down the whereabouts of her father. She enters the world of ‘dead letters’, a sort of no man’s land ruled by Chilean migrant Frank (George DelHoya), and begins the search for her father whilst processing other letters that simply can’t be delivered for whatever reason. Alice’s co-workers themselves seem to be displaced and indeed the office itself acts as some sort of home for most of them. This underlying theme is symbolised by the presence of a ‘lost’ homing pigeon who is returned to its owner at the end of each day, only to return to the office each morning. As Alice gets closer to locating her father, so to does she get closer to the troubled Frank and she learns about his longing for ‘home’ and how displaced his life has become.

Directed by John Ruane, *Dead Letter Office* is a sincere and heartfelt experience largely due to the character of Frank and DelHoya’s charming portrayal. The link between his migratory experience and the ‘homeless’ pigeon offers subtle comment on the situation of many people who live in Australia but still think of somewhere else as home. As a culture we are only now beginning to realistically portraying such facets of the multi-cultural aspects of our society. Miranda Otto offers an interesting characterisation of the little lost ingenue finding her place in the world, and here she is helped by a very strong supporting cast.

Ruane, probably best known for *Death In Brunswick*, has weaved the serious and lightweight elements of the plot into an enjoyable and entertaining film. So, if you’re stuck for a film this weekend, boycott the atrocious *Amy* and see this instead..

Nick Leys

HEAD ON



Sex, drugs and bouzouki music...

Films about angry young men are nothing new, yet when made well they continue to attract attention and polarise audiences. Australia in particular tends to produce films in this sub-genre that are served up with a vulgar grittiness that is as realistic as the inner-city suburbs that they inevitably are played out in. In *Head On*, director Ana Kokkinos takes us into new territory where *Trainspotting* is weaved into an Australian ethnic setting. The comparison is especially relevant considering that it is based upon the Christos Tsiolkas novel *Loaded*, a writer who tends to occupy much the same territory as Irvine Welsh.

Nineteen year old Ari (Alex Dimitriades) is caught between his Greek heritage and the world of music, sex and drugs. His father Dimitri (Tony Nikolaidopoulos) dominates his life through emotional and financial blackmail; Ari is unemployed and dependent on his family for support. But above all, it is Ari’s sexuality and resulting confusion that seems to cause him the most hardship. After a confrontation early in the film with Dimitri, Ari vents his frustration through rough sex with a sweaty Asian chef in a backalley. This sets the atmosphere for the next twenty-four hours that we share with Ari as he gambles, shoots up, snorts speed and consumes joints as if they were cigarettes in preparation for that night’s activity. He again has a confrontation with Dimitri, falls out with his friend Joe over Joe’s ‘arranged’ marriage and is arrested and violently humiliated by the police with his transvestite friend Johnny. Threaded through all of these events is Ari’s attempts to meet Sean with whom he has a mutual attraction.

Every aspect of Ari’s life that is shown to the audience leads to confrontation and resulting frustration as he struggles to free himself from his cultural background and the expectations of those around him. Ari refuses to conform, yet lacks the courage to openly admit who he is. When a friend of his mother advises him to ‘get married so that he can then do what he wants’, Ari expresses his desire to live honestly rather than hypocritically. Yet at the same time he is embarrassed by the staunch openness with which Johnny flaunts his sexuality. But none of this acts to condemn Ari or the community that he belongs to, rather it offers an incredibly astute insight into the frustration’s of being in that situation. It is summed up by Ari when he states that he is incapable of love, that once he has ‘blown’, that is it. Sex is about the relief of frustration more than anything else.

Between Dimitriades’ uncompromising performance and Kokkinos’ brilliantly directed flow of images and narrative, *Head On* comes out as being an exceptional film that is as challenging as it is rewarding.

Nick Leys

SONIC YOUTH
DAYDREAM NATION

Kenny Phillip's
Great Album's of the 80s

SONIC YOUTH
Daydream Nation

Sonic Youth was formed by guitarists Lee Ranaldo and Thurston Moore when they moved to New York in 1981, at the height of Manhattan's post-punk No Wave movement. The dark, almost impenetrable noise of No Wave practitioners like Glenn Branca was to prove a major influence on their early style, as were the aesthetics of the New York art scene, introduced to the band through Moore's girlfriend Kim Gordon. Over a series of albums beginning with their self-titled 1983 debut, the band united these influences into a kind of dissonant and experimental sonic landscape somewhat reminiscent of earlier experimentalists like the Velvet Underground and Pere Ubu, but for the most part entirely original. This uniqueness is displayed with overwhelming intensity in *Daydream Nation*, released in 1988. In this album Sonic Youth takes rock into places it hasn't been before.

70 minutes long, this is an astonishing record in any number of ways. It comes after two of the most important guitar albums of the '80's, *Evol* and *Sister* - but is better than both. The melodic qualities which had threatened to rise to the surface of those earlier albums are at the forefront of *Daydream Nation*, the finest example of the heady blend of strange tunings, dissonance and strangely melodic sonic experience that makes the sound of Sonic Youth so unique and influential. Sonic Youth's best output has never relied on riffs or hooks; what you get instead is a dense and rapidly building avalanche of sonic attack, orchestrated by Moore and Ranaldo and held together by the superb drumming of Steve Shelley.

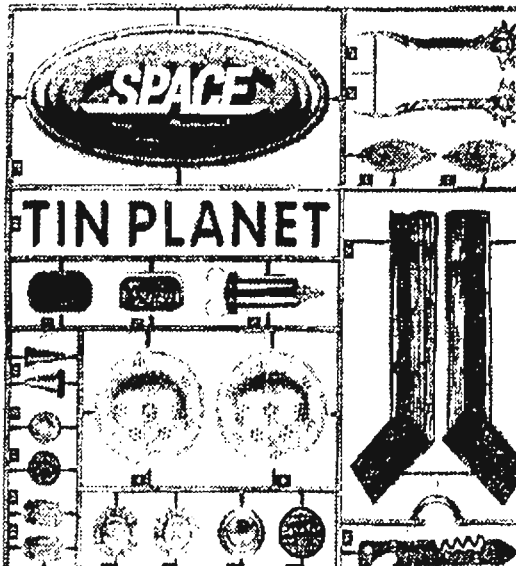
This is an album that should be listened to right through. The tracks often flow into one another, and the cumulative effect after more than an hour is simultaneously numbing and mind-exploding. Probably the best track, 'Trilogy', is last. For once, I recommend it on CD: put it on and then lie down on the carpet with your eyes closed. You are unlikely to want to get up.

SHAKEN AND STIRRED

SHAKEN AND STIRRED
The David Arnold
James Bond Project.

A friend recently returned from England with this under his arm and caused several wet dreams. Imagine, some of the coolest tracks from the last thirty years of James Bond films done by great contemporary artists. Some work, others don't. Aimee Mann's rendition of 'Nobody Does It Better' rivals Shirley Bassey and most of the others are just downright cool; Shara Nelson's 'Moonraker', Natacha Atlas' 'From Russia With Love' and an extremely cool 'On Her Majesty's Secret Service' by the Propellerheads. 'Live and Let Die' on the other hand should never be recorded again, even if it is by Chrissie Hynde. Iggy Pop singing 'We Have All The Time In The World' will simply make you cry. Don't know where you can get it, Warner Music have put it out. Excellent, Money Penny!

Nick Leys



SPACE
Tin Planet

Following on from two of last year's stand out singles 'Neighbourhood' and 'Female of the Species', Space have cemented their reputation this year with their first single 'The Ballad of Tom Jones', followed by 'Avenging Angles' and most recently 'Being Again'. *Tin Planet*, Space's second album continues on from the singles to give the listener a curious sonic grab bag of sounds. It is an album where you can hear (wait while I take a deep breath) Tom Jones style cocktail jazz, James Bond themes, quirky Brit-pop, soaring keyboards, electronics galore, a DJ, a little bit of Latin percussion, melancholy strings and even funky wah guitar. It means that while there is a constant kitsch-ish feel to the album, there is no real constant sound; rather an album of songs. The melodies and lyrics are the kind you learn after a single listen and stay with you for a lifetime of shower performances. This isn't going to appeal to everybody; there's too much variety for that. But for fans of new, experimental Brit-pop, this is an album that is definitely worth checking out.

Liam Ferney

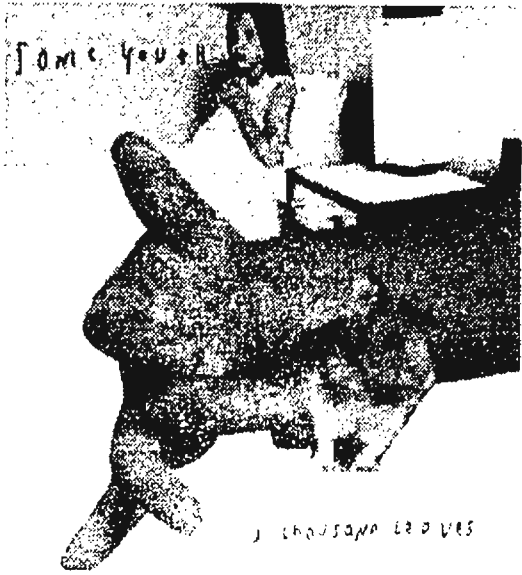


ROCKET FROM THE CRYPT
RFTC

To say Rocket From the Crypt "rock" would be the biggest understatement since calling the Grand Canyon a small crack in the ground! Variouslly described as "the most re-inventive punk band since the Rolling Stones" and "Phil Spector meets The Stooges", San Diego's finest are back with possibly their most accomplished record to date. Pinning down Rocket's sound is a tricky affair. They manage to amalgamate the history of rock'n'roll in a totally modern way; like a version of the 50's, 60's and 70's all rolled into one, and come out sounding like the greatest soul/punkrock'n'roll band you've ever heard, topped off with the classiest brass section this side of Memphis. "But is it convincing?" I hear you ask, you better believe it baby!

Opening track 'Eye On You' features Holly Golightly from Thee Headcoatees sharing and singing duties. Her vocals perfectly complement singer Speedo's snarl on this sixties inspired gogo-ing rocker. 'Break It Up' follows, ripping off the intro' to The Beatles "Revolution" before turning into a classic T-Rex style glam rock sing-a-long. They pick up the pace for the next three numbers before slowing things down for the more traditional rock'n'rol sound of 'Lipstick'. The crazy-ass rhythms of "You Gotta Move" will have you strutting your stuff before you know it, while 'Let's Get Busy''s soulful crooning verge on doo-wop. 'Dick on a Dog' picks up the pace for the rest of the album, the brass section gleefully ripping off James Brown.

Rocket From the Crypt have taken all the new sounds that sounded out of place on their previous record (Scream Dracula Scream) and made them their own; effortlessly combining them into the classic Rocket sound of yore. Classy production gives this album an infinitely more cohesive sound from start to finish. If you got off on the wrong foot with S.D.S, this will set you straight and restore your faith in the band. Quite simply, it's pure genius! Robin Steward

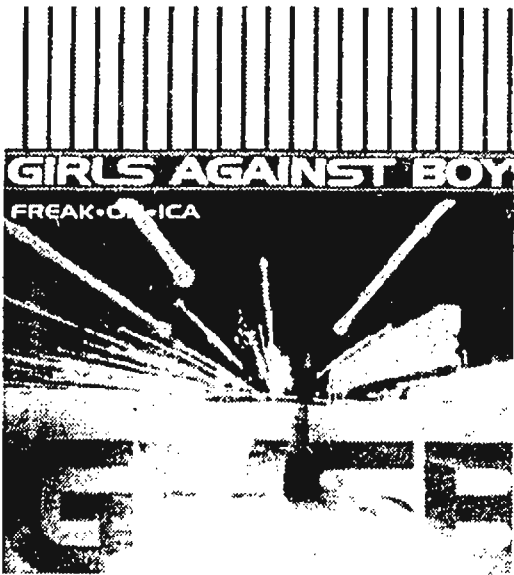


SONIC YOUTH
A Thousand Flowers

Ten years after Daydream Nation, this album is a stripped-back and thoughtful meditation on the ravages of time. Look on the CD liner and you can see Kym Gordon looking, well, middle-aged. You can also see some of the band's kids playing in a forest clearing. The sense of time and aging is all over this album, and what a beautiful and melodic sensation it is. The densely layered guitar play of Thurston Moore and Lee Ranaldo is still there, but they're less aggressive, almost hesitant, and hauntingly provoking. It might even make sense to talk of this as the band's first mature album, shorn of the sonic excesses of *Washing Machine* but still with the sense of experimentation that Sonic Youth has always embodied.

The sound here is closest to *Evo!*. There's a melodic wistfulness, and interestingly, they almost never rock out. Instead they build slowly into songs, trusting the listener to pick up on the devastating moments where a wah peddles kicks in or a hook materialises out of thin air. Most of the tracks are longer than 7 minutes. There's a couple of Gordon-type art songs, but mostly it's Lee and Thurston jamming away down the back. 'Sunday', the single, is probably the catchiest, though I noticed Triple J still felt the need to cut it to 3 minutes. 'Hits of Sunshine' is a elegy for Allen Ginsburg, moody and melodic, not like a howl at all. 'Wildflower Soul' has that bit with the wah peddle; one of the moments you're really glad there's a Sonic Youth, and you had them to help you through uni. This is not the big rock of *Dirty*. It's something infinitely more charming, subtle and beautiful.

Kenny Phillips



GIRLS AGAINST BOYS
Freakonica

The "Massive Attack of the rock-world" are back with their 5th album, but alas, the cool rhythmic sounds they're so well known for are missing this time around. Supposedly a commentary on the blurring of the distinction between sex, product, consumerism, and pleasure, *Freakonica* is much starker than previous Girls Against Boys releases. Gone are the sultriness and underlying melodies, instead *Freakonica* occupies some bastard territory between Stabbing Westward, Filter and PIL. Opener 'Park Avenue' breaks the ice in an atypical industrial-rock, almost NIN vein, before the rest of the album slows down by various degrees. Whereas previously Girls Against Boys have effortlessly incorporated keyboards in their sound, here their experimentation with a Roland 303 (the electronica/techno instrument of choice) sits uncomfortably with the rest of the instruments - the token scratching doesn't fare much better. Yet underneath *Freakonica*'s thorny exterior lie some hints of Girls Against Boys' previous greatness. 'Psycho-Future', 'Roxy' and 'Push the Fader' all sound much more cohesive. The likeness of singer Scott McCloud to Richard Butler on these songs gives them a distinct Psychedelic Furs flavour. Unfortunately though, it's when sounding like their past records that *Freakonica* is at its best. For me, it simply doesn't diverge from their previous sound enough. I'd like to hear Girls Against Boys doing the electronica thing the whole way, instead of just dipping their toes in the water.

Robin Steward



David Holmes
Lets Get Killed

When Belfast hairdresser David Holmes cast aside his practice and flew to the United States, he didn't entirely abandon the art of cutting and styling. *Lets Get Killed* would not be the stunning collage it is without the aid of sonic scissors. Spontaneous monologues collected from loiterers in the grittiest corners of New York narrate a somewhat discomforting journey which covers numerous genres of music and unearths the stranger intricacies of human thought and behaviour.

'My Mate Paul' is a swaggering cocktail affair, 'Radio 7' is a raw, beat heavy rework of the James Bond theme, the title track is a dark drum'n'bass concoction and 'Don't Just Die Just Yet' is a soaring orchestral cover of the Serge Gainsbourg classic which crescendos to epic heights but remains grounded by some nasty beats and caustic guitar.

The generous littering or articulation is just as diverse. From the ugly confessions of a killer, past the energetic ramblings of a punk rock dancer, to the street side poetry of a man who declares "I'll stab you with my tongue / I mean my knife", *Lets Get Killed* remains confronting, engaging, and strangely coherent. David Holmes will probe you with his symphonic fingers and definitely stab you with his tongue.

Katie Scott



FOR THE MASSES
Depeche Mode Tribute Album

Depeche Mode purists with their hearts firmly planted in the 80s and their thighs still encased in tight white denim may object to this tribute album. After all, isn't a sleazy lounge version of 'Master and Servant' nothing short of murder? Perhaps. But despite a few atrocities, *For the Masses* succeeds in brilliantly skewing what were astounding songs to begin with.

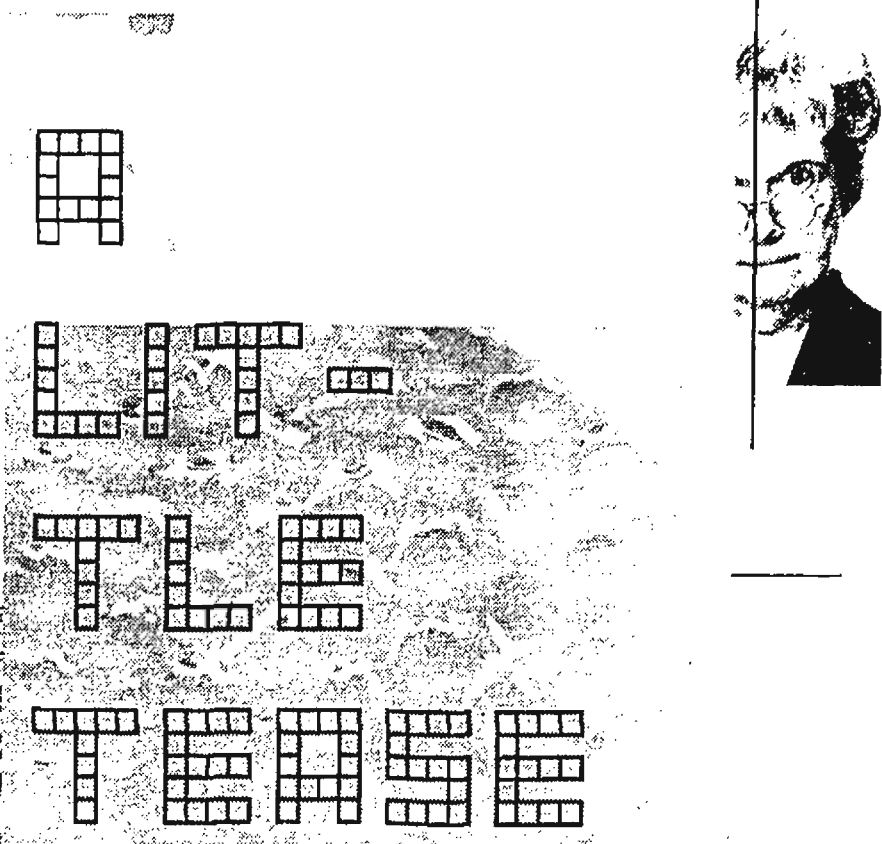
The opening strains of the Smashing Pumpkin's acoustic 'Never Let Me Down' suggests something never considered and brings a weary tenderness to the piece. Similarly, the Cure make 'World in My Eyes' their own by injecting their practiced mix of warped keyboards and ill guitars. Other stand out efforts include Hooverphonic's gorgeous synth-trash adaptation of 'Shake the Disease' and Apollo Four Forty's hard-core grimo rework of 'I Feel You'.

Of course there are those who manage to bugger it up completely (Vercu Salt's sugared version of 'Somebody', and The Deaf Tones' senseless guitar assault on 'To Have and to Hold'), but if you are prepared to forgive these weaknesses, the reward is great. Though incomparable to any original, *For the Masses* triumphs in the pecking order of tribute albums.

Katie Scott



melissa western



Humourless: the cliché 'she lacks a sense of humour' is applied by men to every threatening woman when she does not find the following funny: rape, big breasts, sex with little girls. On the other hand there is no implication of humourlessness if she does not find impotence, castration and vaginas with teeth humorous.
(The Feminist Dictionary)

I think it was when I started to watch the *Big Gig* in about Grade 9 with Wendy Harmer, Jean Kittson and Rachel Berger that I wished I was funnier. They were so witty, so tuned in, so deliciously crude about things. The kind of 'wicked laughter' prompted by the women on the *Big Gig* was highly criticised, not only by men who felt threatened by the jokes (often aimed squarely at them) but also by women both from ends of the political spectrum. Even women comedians of the previous generation chirped up - they thought it such a shame that these women had to 'become one of the boys' to be accepted as comics in their own right. By 'becoming one of the boys' they meant the use of four letter words and the discussion of unsa-

vory issues, like Rachel Berger's hilarious sketch about why men piss on tyres.
So how is one to justify these venomous funny-women to their adversaries? 'It's just a joke / don't take it so seriously / can't you take a bit of teasing'. Those phrases are used often but they pre-empt the really big issues at stake here; the more difficult issues of powerful women, of taboo subjects, of women stepping into a room previously signed 'men only'.
To be sure, Australian women's comedy has come a long way since the innocent days of the 50s. In those old days, the female 'feeds' would set up the gags and often end up being the butt of them. They were shown a script for the show which they had to study and memorise in two hours; the men were afraid they would steal their ideas if they took the scripts home! Their job was difficult and undervalued. Regina Barecca, editor and author of numerous books about women and comedy, cites the prevailing attitude that comedy written or performed by women must be gentle and conciliatory. Tellingly, women did not write their own material until the late 60s.
When women started writing their own stuff instead of being the 'feed', things got, well, a little shaken up. People starting to find out that women wanted to make jokes about men,

about their own bodies, about menstruation and sex, about their children and childbirth, about the unnerving similarity of their partner's genitalia to that tomato/pork sausage that was on special in the butcher's - about *their* jobs, *their* friends, *their* lives. Yet all was not happy in comic land when the women finally came out to play. Hearing the news that Wendy Harmer was writing a book entitled *It's A Joke Joyce*, which looks at women in Australia's comedy history, one man made a pamphlet comparison, insinuating that Wendy would find it difficult to find enough 'funny' women to fill such a book. After all, as Magda Szubanski stated in a later television program on Australian comedy, male comics will humour their female counterparts but 'Most think women aren't *really* funny'. Harmer recalls one of the male hosts who introduced her at the Edinburgh Festival as "The girl from down under who's just been giving head jobs to all the boys down the back" and Kittson relays a similar instance of arriving on stage after the male host said "Yeah, I've fucked her". Oh dear, are the poor little boys upset that the naughty little girls have taken away their toys?

The common belief that women were incapable of writing challenging, angry and subversive comedy was well and truly squashed, in Australia at least, by what Peter Couchman calls the 'new wave' of women comedians such as Wendy Harmer, Jane Clifton, Geraldine Doyle and Rachel Berger. Indeed Harmer and Kittson refused to take the comments of their male hosts and fought back with equally vulgar comments about their manly natures (or lack thereof). When Geraldine Doyle performed in a rough club in Western Australia, a 6'4' bloke stood up and yelled 'That's not fair' after she'd made a snide comment about blokes. The threat of a witty woman is serious: it suggests that the patriarchal structures CAN in fact be undermined. Berger notes that "It wasn't until the mid-eighties that women began to be taken seriously as comics on the live circuit". 10 points for spotting the oxymoron in that one. By bringing up the issue of women comics being *taken seriously*, Berger suggests that comedy sits on a much more unstable foundation than we think. Comedy does not always dilute an issue, rather it operates in a highly complex way to transgress fixed boundaries which say, 'you can't talk about that' or 'you shouldn't laugh at this'. Taking into account Carnival notions, Barecca argues that "Certain forms of comedy can invert the world not only briefly but permanently; can strip away the dignity and complacency of powerful figures only to refuse to hand them back these attributes when the time for 'carnival' is finished". The statement 'It's just a joke' does not successfully mitigate the threat of the issue being raised in a comic format. What I contend is that comedy allows women writers a short-cut to a stronger position, confronting potentially alienating issues like lesbianism, racism, and disability. As far from diluting or masking these issues, comedy allows them to be brought forth in an otherwise hostile societal consciousness. Aboriginal writers like Ningali Lawson and Deb Mailman constantly use comedy in their work; Liz Navratil, a local woman with cerebral palsy uses comedy in her theatre work, and I could list a paragraph of lesbian writers who convey their political agendas through comedy. The point I am trying to make is that if doubly marginalised women use comedy for a specific purpose in their writing, then the humour cannot be simply discounted on the grounds that it is 'just a joke'.

Comedians with a specific feminist agenda in mind such as Sue Ingleton make quite certain that "Comedy can effectively channel anger and rebellion by first making them appear to be acceptable and temporary phenomena, no doubt to be purged by laughter; and then harnessing the released energies, rather than dispersing them". For Sue, her "...main motive for becoming a stand-up comic was to talk about my extreme feelings of rage and anger towards society and its domination by male-oriented values ... I wanted to get up there and tell men what I thought about them". At seven months pregnant she created and performed her first show, playing a character she devised called Bill Rawlings, the world's first pregnant man. During the show, *From Here to Maternity*, she would undo her shirt to reveal a huge belly, and breasts covered by two rubber gloves acting as a bra. Bill would explain that Milo was in one glove and Vegemite flavoured milk was in the other, "so the baby would have a choice". Not only was Sue dealing with a taboo issue, a woman's body during pregnancy, she was SHOWING it on stage, in front of people - which brings me to another point about women, comedy and performance: the visibility of woman.

In 1992 Berger complained that "...what hasn't changed is that audiences still look at us first, and then listen. When a woman performs live, she is *still* expected to make sure her dress isn't too short or her trousers too tight, or that her legs have been shaven; even that her lipstick is on right. All a man has to do is check his fly is closed; then he gets up on stage". Geraldine Doyle, when asked to justify how she can talk in a such a vulgar fashion about her breasts, retaliated "It's my bloody body, I'll say what I like about it". Some of the most subversive elements of comedy come from women representing themselves in way that opposes the 'acceptable' representation of 'woman'. When the performance artist Karen Finlay smears her naked body with egg yolk, glitter, paper and feathers, men in the audience have been known to throw cigarette butts at her in disgust. Is this a desperate denial of the fact that not all women conform to the societal norm of representation? Seeing women with disabilities on stage, or women who are pregnant or lesbians or aboriginal and who make light of that situation can only help to palatably transgress the rigid boundaries of what is 'allowed' and 'not allowed' to be seen.

So in all of this it's pretty clear that questions of gender infiltrate comedy; a genre so tightly bound to the socio-cultural signifiers which give it meaning, and one that is fickle enough to elicit vastly different and sometimes extreme responses.

In keeping with the idea of the Carnavalesque, once the world has been turned upside down, things never fall quite back into place- humour disrupts our perception of the social institutions and conventions that it refuses to take seriously. Perhaps this deception is where the transgressive power of comedy lies...



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I smell blood and an era of prominent madmen

W. H. Auden

As part of the disaffected masses unable to overcome the absurdity and banality of contemporary life, perhaps you seek an outlet, a forum for those long-stifled ambitions and thwarted dreams. I have the answer.

nic mathison

Becoming a cult leader is a pop in the structureless "silicon" age, where insecurity is the status quo - television, the opiate of the masses, no longer provides quality programming and the nuclear family has become ground zero. The American Family Foundation (AFF), a group formed to help and educate the public about cults, estimates there are between 3,000 and 5,000 active cults made up of between 5 to 20 million present and past members worldwide. There are large numbers of directionless and disillusioned people out there who need your guidance.

Remuneration for the position far outweighs the cost. In return for sleeping bags full of supplicant groupies, media snapshots of you at your most devilishly dark and brooding and torrential cash flows from impassioned recruits, you may have to produce

I.D. when signing cheques "The Sinful Messiah" and you get to have no control over the music played over authorities' siege loudspeakers.

Margaret Thaler Singer (Cults in our Midst) defines a cult as "a group that forms around a person who claims he or she has a special mission or knowledge, which will be shared with those who turn over most of their decision making to that self-appointed leader". Determining which special mission or knowledge suits you best is a personal decision, however with competition for themes ranging from religion, politics, commerce, psychology, outer space phenomena, self-improvement and fruit worship such as the Cult of the Lemon there are endless possibilities. The distinction between altruistic religions and cults is that cult leaders generally centre veneration upon themselves while benign religions focus

upon God, the purpose of the group or abstract ideas.

Religious cults remain the perennial favourite, and there are a plethora of opportunities with role models such as Hon Ming Chen, Taiwanese leader of the God and Buddha Salvation Foundation who made predictions earlier this year based on jet controls forming the 'sacred' number of '007'. Chen's Taiwanese followers moved with him from Taiwan to Garland, Texas, because Garland sounds like God-land and that sounds like a safe place to be given future crises. Although Chen's prediction that God would appear on television in Garland did not eventuate, he has confidently stated that the Middle East will be devastated by a nuclear bomb in October 1999.

Julian Schacknow, a cult leader calling himself the 'sinful messiah' had seven 'wives' in Connecticut, each of whom he stayed with no more than 1-2 days at a time before he died at the age of 71 in 1996. From cult proceeds he had made a real estate fortune in the 1980s until the market crashed and many followers deserted.

Music professor turned suicide cult leader Marshall Herff Applewhite Jr. apparently had a fine baritone singing voice which was put to good use when he decided to form a cult, recruiting during a gospel tour through the Midwest and West of America. At the age of 40, Applewhite met a nurse named Bonnie Lu Nettles, 44, and came to believe they were both earthly incarnations of aliens. On their gospel recruiting tour they renamed themselves Bo and Peep and later Do and Ti, called the cult Heaven's Gate and dressed followers in uniforms, giving them psychic training which included sitting and staring at an object for hours. 39 cult members including Applewhite (Nettles died of cancer in 1985) committed suicide by Phenobarbital.

Less attractive role model cult leaders include Tokyo's Supreme Truth Sect leader Shoko Asahara (holder of assets on the Gold Coast) who aimed to bring down the Japanese government by methods such as 1995's Tokyo subway nerve gas attack which killed 11 people and injured 6,000. Jim Jones's Peoples Temple cult had over 900 people commit suicide in 1978. The Branch Davidians religious cult led by David Koresh claiming to be the Lamb of the book of Revelations is now infamous for the Waco standoff which killed 80 (including 25 children).

Let's Get Started

The first step in starting a personality cult is the acquisition of a personality. Contrary to popular opinion, charisma is not the most important factor, with skills of persuasion and the ability to manipulate others being vital to attract, control and manage followers. A determined and domineering attitude will take you far. Another advantage of not using brute force in recruiting members is that your methods are less likely to gain unwanted attention.

Next you will wish to commence collection of your posse of followers so that the adulation and funds can start flowing in. Most people are susceptible to cult control given the right conditions and any person feeling depressed or seeking companionship or a sense of meaning is a good prospect. This indicates that such cult collection grounds as schools, universities, churches, tourist attractions and consumers of 'how to communicate' courses may prove lucrative. Thaler states that approximately 66% of initial contact with cults comes from friends or relatives, so you may as well commence with them. Charm and flattery are paramount in seducing recruits, you do not need to inform your target from the outset that you want their assistance in annihilating citizens over 50 to conserve the oxygen supply, just tell them you're having a meeting to discuss environmental issues.

Once you've issued the invitations, you will need to formulate a plan of action for convincing recruits of the validity of your ideas. The most effective method of achieving this is thought-reform, otherwise known as brain washing. The term comes from Chairman Mao's process of ideologically remoulding Chinese citizens in a form of *hse nao* ('cleansing the mind') to remove old belief systems. Language and group pressure are the keys to mind manipulation. While there remains skepticism concerning the degree of power one individual could have over another using thought-reform methods, it is quite possible that combined with your own immense personal magnetism the combination will be hard to resist for recruits. The term thought-reform implies that the recruit's decision-making is actually altered during the process so that they are unable to defy your wishes and are no longer morally responsible for their actions, rather than simply being misled by you. Obviously, this would be the technique of choice.

Brain washing, in simplified form generally follows this format:

- Intense flattering attention being directed at the new recruit
- Invitation to workshop/retreat/camp (to isolate the individual from their usual social life) where they are surrounded by long-term members and there is frequent use of cult jargon at the meeting to make the newcomer feel slightly off-kilter (and attempt to fit in by mirroring other cult-member's behaviour); not allowing the recruit to talk to other new recruits (and challenge the system or question it), and occupy the recruit's time fully through activities, meditation, study of specific texts etc. The aim in this process is to disorient the newcomer so that their judgement is skewed and critical thinking becomes associated with guilt. This may be improved by asking the member to dress in a certain way, change their diet etc., practice new breathing techniques or meditation etc. and so bond further with the group.

- If the process is effective, the recruit will become a member, gradually cutting off previous ties and may then be put to use for the cult distributing leaflets, gathering funds, gathering new members, act as a addition to the harem or whatever takes your fancy.

Service With A Vacant Stare

Members will now generally stay with you until: (1) you get sick of them and ask them to leave (this may be advisable if one member becomes too feisty); (2) some glaring incident inspires their independent thinking to be reactivated and they manage to leave; or (3) member's friends/family get counseling to support them to leave. Following departure from the group the ex-member will then perhaps require further counseling/attention from support groups, however this isn't your responsibility. Refer them to such websites as Wellspring at <http://www.wellspring.albany.oh.us/v5na.htm> or advise them to see a psychologist.


Starting a cult can be a lot of fun if you're a cult leader. However it is inadvisable to be tempted to join anyone else's cult recruiting now at your local campus and 7-11, because although you may feel safer and decision-making requires less processing, slobbering in front of the TV will always be a much easier option, and the Teletubbies have all the answers you need.

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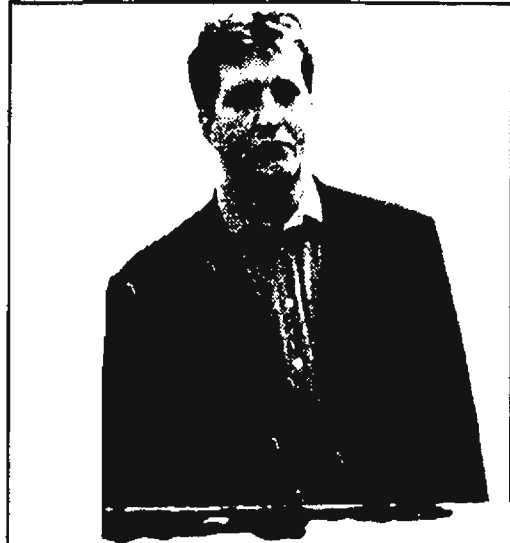


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P o w d e r Her Face

t a l k i n g w i t h B e n j a m i n
V a r y



U graduate Benjamin Vary might hand over the baton to composer Thomas Ades to conduct his opera *Powder Her Face* for the Brisbane

Festival but he has played a major part

preparing the work for performance during the Brisbane Festival.

Vary returned from his conducting studies at the Sibelius Academy in Helsinki to be music director for the opera which looks like being one of the hottest tickets in the Festival.

Powder Her Face, inspired by the 1950s divorce of the sexually compulsive Duchess of Argyll, centres on 'the grand illusions of a tragically superficial character,' for which Ades has written a dazzlingly inventive score 'full of slinky, flaky tangos, agitated, percussive moments suggesting unquenchable longings and self-revelatory moments.'

With a libretto by Philip Hensher, the opera presents in eight scenes and interludes the tragic image of the duchess who died in 1993 impoverished, deserted and derided after her life of sexual exploits caused a scandal in aristocratic circles.

Vary met composer Ades, one of the rising stars of the young generation of emerging British musicians and hailed as the new Benjamin Britten, in Minneapolis enroute for Brisbane to discuss how to prepare singers and musicians for the chamber opera.

It is a fiendishly difficult piece for four singers and its 'quirky chamber orchestra-tango-dance-band' playing the mixture of waltzes of the 1920s, pre-rock of the '50s, tangos and standard classical forms.

"It's like three or four Rites of Spring thrown together, only with voices," said Benjamin. "It's tough. Really tough. At the beginning the performers were all rather daunted and depressed, but I have to say after our first week together we are on top of it. We are really enjoying it now and working very well together. I'm sure Thomas will be delighted with our results. It's going to be brilliant."

The opera premiered at the 1995 Cheltenham Festival of Music and has since been performed with the Berkeley Symphony Orchestra in San Francisco, it was the hit of the 1996 Aspen Music Festival when it was conducted by the composer, and in Magdeburg, Germany. This is its Australian premiere.

Ades and Hensher have given the seamier events of the Duchess' life the full in-your-face treatment. "Art is a shocking thing," said Ades. "It should be moving. Offensive is different."

Benjamin agrees its explicit, sexual content might shock some people. There are no whips and chains, he says, but from point of view that it happens right there on stage some might be embarrassed. "A bit embarrassed, but I don't think offended. It's not what's expected in opera but if you turn on the TV it's there all the time."

The original schedule of three Festival performances has been reduced to one plus the pre-view performance after the change of venue from the Masonic Temple to Queensland Conservatorium Griffith University.

Patricia Kelly

**Powder Her Face is on at the Queensland Conservatorium Griffith University Theatre on Thursday September 10 (pre-view) and Saturday September 12. It features Toni Powell as the Duchess, Felicity Baldock (Maid), Geoffrey Ashenden (Electrician) and Lionel Theunessen (Hotel Manager) with Thomas Ades conducting musicians of the Australian National Academy of Music.*

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ben
MENDELSON

rachel
GRIFFITHS

alana nick
DE ROMA BARKER

CASCADE FILMS PRESENTS
NADIA TASS/DAVID PARKER FILM AMY
RACHEL GRIFFITHS ALANA DE ROMA
BEN MENDELSON NICK BARKER
Original Songs NICK BARKER PHILIP JUDD
Original Music PHILIP JUDD Production Designer JON GOWING
Editor BILL MURPHY Co-Producer PHIL JONES
Written and photographed by DAVID PARKER
Produced by DAVID PARKER and NADIA TASS directed by NADIA TASS

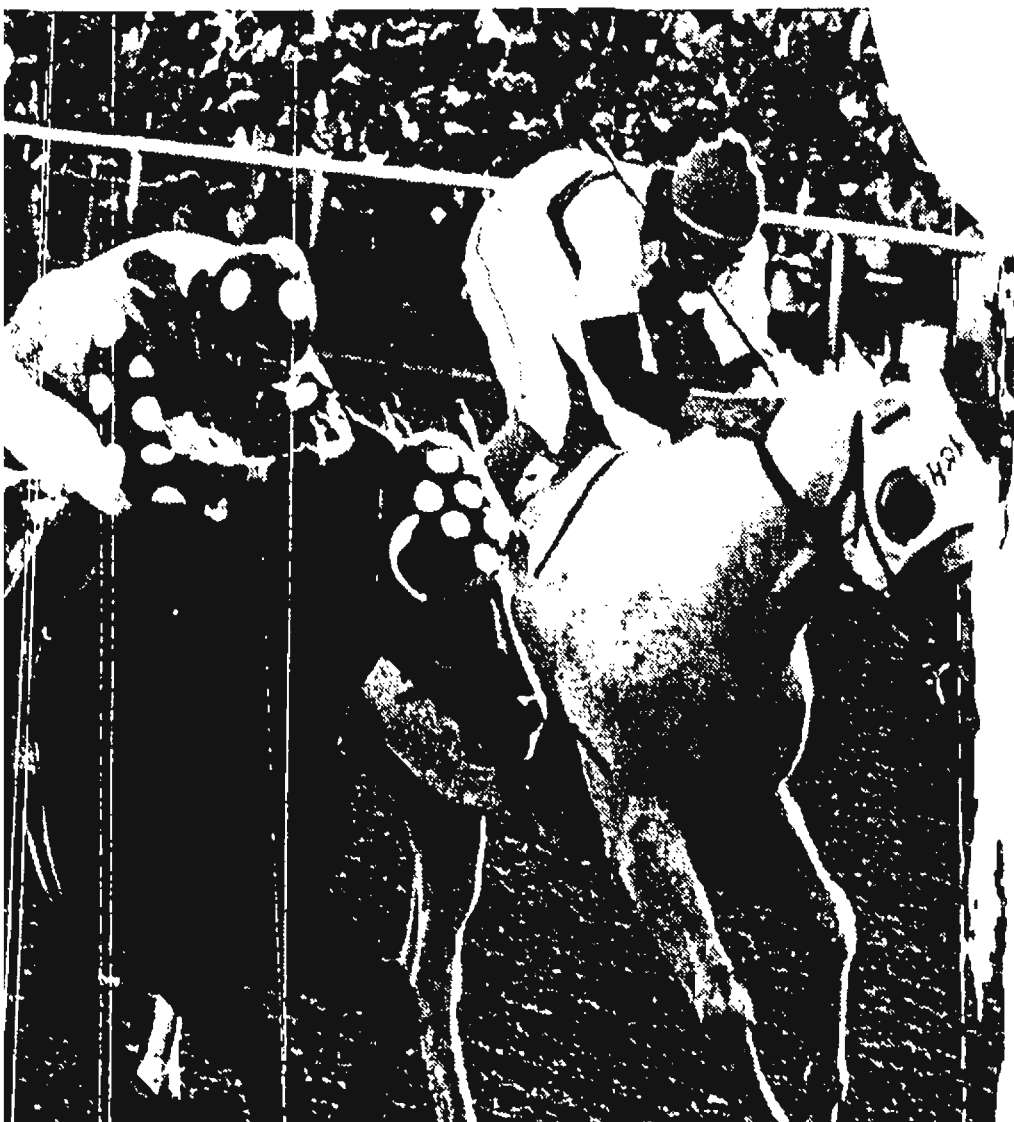
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vote

**1998 UQ Student Union
Annual General Election**

Sept 14 - 18



Vote in the Union's General Election • Every enrolled student should vote for next year's Student Executive + Faculty Representatives + Semper

Polling Times + Places

Main Refec

Monday & Thursday 9.30am - 5.30pm
Tuesday & Wednesday 9.30am - 7.30pm
Friday 9.30am - 4.00pm

Physiol Refec

Monday to Thursday 12 noon - 2.00pm

Biol Refec

Monday to Thursday 12 noon - 2.00pm
Monday & Thursday 5.00pm - 7.00pm

Herston Medical School

Monday & Tuesday 10.00am - 2.00pm

Turbot St.

Wednesday 10.00am - 2.00pm

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union**

SERVICE • SUPPORT • REPRESENTATION

election of

Queer Sexuality Officer

1998 UQ Student Union Annual General Election

Unlike all the other positions, ballot papers will only be available on request at the polling station



Main Refec
Monday & Thursday 9.30am - 5.30pm
Tuesday & Wednesday 9.30am - 7.30pm
Friday 9.30am - 4.00pm


Physiol Refec
Monday to Thursday 12 noon - 2.00pm

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Monday & Thursday 5.00pm - 7.00pm

Herston Medical School
Monday & Tuesday 10.00am - 2.00pm

Turbol St.
Wednesday 10.00am - 2.00pm


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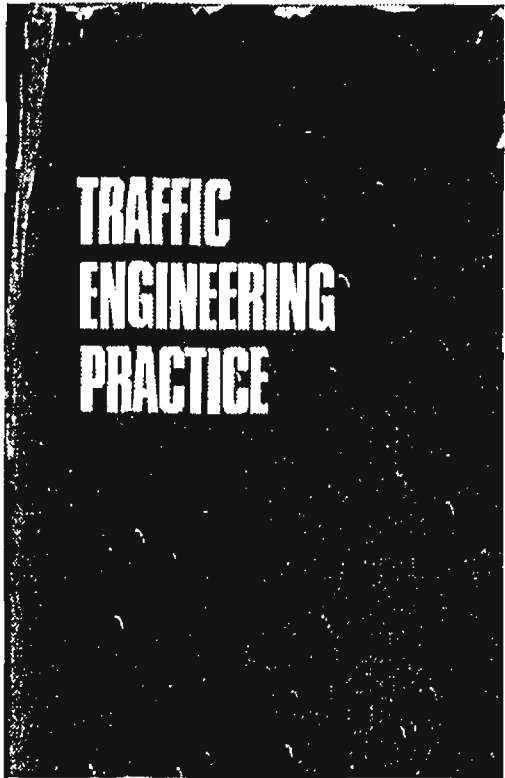
WHAT MAKES A GOOD UNIVERSITY TEACHER?

Name: _____ University: _____ Course: _____

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Mail to: **What Makes a Good University Teacher?**
PO Box 787, Rozelle NSW 2039

By: **Friday, 25 September 1998.**



TRAFFIC ENGINEERING PRACTICE
ed: E. Davies

As the book states in its editorial, the scope of traffic engineering has broadened since 1963, and that was only written in 1968. How much has changed since then?

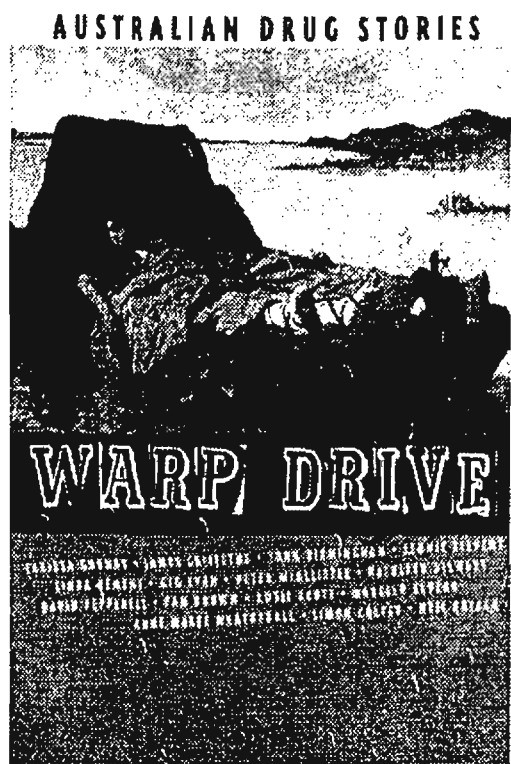
That's the sort of question you'll find yourself asking as you learn about regulations from the highways and byways of the 1960s. Prepare your signs carefully, make sure they're legible in both day and night. Interview homeowners before you offer to build a highway through their front door; assess the theoretical benefits of a wide verge; and survey the elderly in your area in order to find out how many trucks have gone past in the last hour. A handbook for the obsolete.



WOMEN'S TROUBLES
Kaz Cooke

Kaz Cooke and Ruth Trickey have done the greatest service to womenkind with this book, since the guy who invented all-cotton tampons. It is about how your inside girly bits work or, sometimes, don't work. Some girls, leaving such details to the experts, end up being lied to or having bits cut out that they could still use. This book gives you enough info to know when someone (a doctor, chemist or naturopath) just wants to make money off you. Combining orthodox medical and naturopathic approaches, it is about how to care for your inside girly bits - how to tell when they're not happy and how to make them feel better - and how to tell when you need help. It provides advice ('Stop hiding behind the couch and off to the Dr with you at once!'), warnings about wild yam cream (this century's version of snake oil) and a whole chapter on how to better care for yourself. And it's funny. This is a great book. It should be mandatory reading for everyone who has, wants, or knows someone with, ovaries. It should be in every school library and mothers should lock their daughters up until they've read it. I can't say enough good things about it in 200 words.

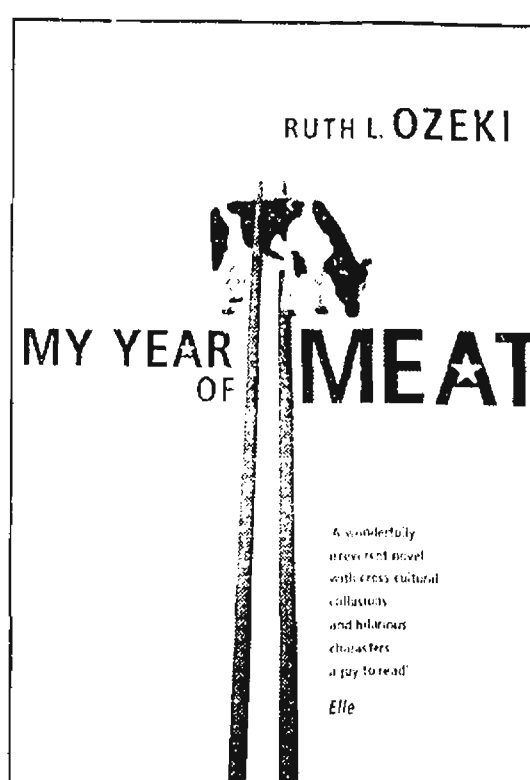
R.E Farley



WARP DRIVE: Australian Drug Stories.
Edited by Leonie Stevens.

You can picture the conversation that occurred at Vintage that led to the publication of this collection of short stories and poems. Something along the lines of "Hey, lets get some of those gen-X writers to put down on paper some of their hilarious drug experiences and make a killing!" Irvine Welsh has a lot to answer for. They range from the highly amusing (John Birmingham's 'essay' on bucket bong etiquette and James Griffith's account of an industrial strength caffeine fuelled wedding top the list), to the Welsh-inspired and subsequently depressing *Payment* by Linda Dement, to the simply badly written waste of time that is Larissa Grundy's contribution. It's a bit like being caught at a party with a group of people who insist upon recounting the time they were fucked on the best speed ever while singing in a karaoke bar 'and it was just hilarious'. Everybody has humorous drug anecdotes, but I don' see a need to print them along with a "User's Guide" at the end that seems to act as a justification and warning. Save the money and buy some pot instead.

Nick Leys



MY YEAR OF MEAT
Ruth L. Ozeki

Don't read this book if you are a happy virile carnivore blissfully oblivious to the contents of the rib-eye fillet that you indulge in on a regular basis. I myself have been a happy, happy, happy meat-eater, right up until last weekend when I started reading this book. Now the fresh meat section at Woolies has me running nauseous for a can of nutmeat. Jane Tagaki-Little, an American-

Japanese documentary maker, lands a job producing a television series for the Japanese that promotes US meat exports. The show, *My American Wife!*, focuses on a different "all-American" housewife each week, diligently feeding her virile family red meat three times a day with such classics as Coca-Cola marinated rump roast and beef fudge. As Jane traverses the good old U.S. of A. with her Japanese film crew, she unwittingly begins to affect lives in ways she could not foresee, including her own. Frustrated by the

cross-cultural conflicts that arise from her Japanese boss and what he wants the show to be, she begins to subvert the shows agenda by filming instead immigrant families, vegetarians, lesbians, anything but the desired Waspish subjects. In doing so she dramatically affects the life of her boss' wife, who is struggling to live up to not only the Japanese ideal of how a wife should behave, but now the American as well. After finally stumbling onto an illegal hormone ring and a five year old girl who has the

body of an eighteen year old, Jane changes direction and does the heroic whistle blower thing at the plot's conclusion. This book was a great joy to read; it is very black in its almost surrealistic satirical style, while simultaneously exploring themes of contemporary middle-America and corporate Japan. Highly recommended for all, suitable for vegetarians.

Nick Leys

**OVERSEAS STUDENTS!
EXCESS LUGGAGE?**

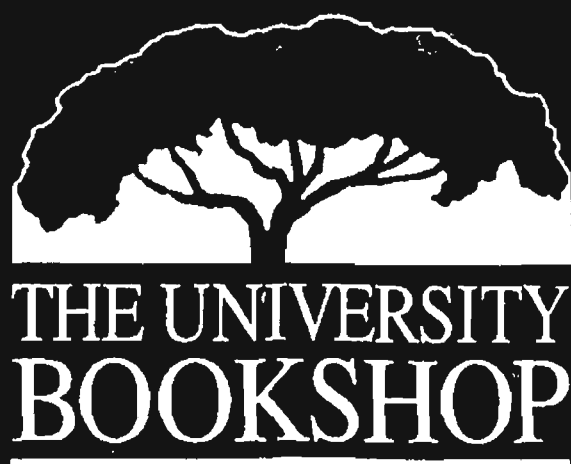
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Hanging from the Clock Tower. . . your **union**

SECRETARY

Katie Connolly

Well its about that time of the month again - yes, Semper reports are due - and once again it occurs to me how incredibly bureaucratic my job really is. I mean, I wish I could invite you to the JJJ Breakfast show or the Clubs and Socs ball but quite frankly, that's stuff that other executive members have done. Instead I'm going to talk about the light of my life, University Committees.

The University Committee structure is quite a complex beast but an incredibly important one at the same time. All major structural decisions about the University go through the committee structure as well as decisions about policy and things such as departmental reviews. This is why one of the most important functions of the Union is to ensure that at every level we have reps who are confident, well versed in the issues and who actually care about the needs of all students. This is where I enter the picture.

Over the last few months I have sat on a range of University committees and working parties. Some of the big issues that I have been active on include

Illegal Fees - You may have noticed that many departments this year started charging ridiculous amounts of money for course materials. Many of these fees were actually illegal under the guidelines set out by DEETYA. After lobbying from Bede and myself and many student complaints the University established a working party on the issue which has since come up with a comprehensive policy about student fees. This includes things such as a process of monitoring the fees charged by every single department so the University can pick up on illegal fees before students are charged and a process of appeal so that students can be reimbursed if they believe they have been illegally charged for compulsory course material. This policy will be in place next year so be vigilant and make sure you aren't being asked to pay for things you shouldn't.

Placement - Once again after lobbying from us friendly folk here at the Union, the University established a working party to review practices in regard to students on Placement. The outcome of this so far are things such as better information for supervisors, the ability for students to have outside commitments taken into account when negotiating a field placement, formal grievance procedures for students having problems on placement and criterion referenced pass/fail assessment so that students aren't being unfairly marked by untrained non-Academic supervisors.

Special Exams - The University was trying to make it more difficult for some students to gain access to special

examinations in exceptional circumstances and I fought them and won. Pretty cool hey?

Credit Point Standardisation - You'll probably receive in the mail quite soon a pamphlet about the University's plans to standardise the number of credit points students do each semester. The standardised points will be called units and will be in place in 2001. Hopefully this will make mapping out your course much easier and ensure that departments do a meaningful review of their curriculum and the workloads they are expecting of students. It will also eliminate ridiculous one and two credit point subjects.

Well that's not even a handful of the issues I have been active on recently but it's all I've got space for. If you want any more information about any of them feel free to give me a call at the Union. Also I'm really looking for students to talk to about the proposed restructuring of the Biological and Chemical Sciences Faculty. This is an enormous and vitally important step for the faculty and student input is absolutely essential. If you want to get involved call me on 3377 2200 or email me on s055154@student.uq.edu.au.

WOMEN'S AREA

Moo & Alissa

Semester 2 is well underway with a number of pretty exciting projects occurring. We are recovering and taking a few gulps of fresh air post-Blue Stocking week, which was a success despite the fact that we did it on a different week from everyone else! There were several activities including a speakout and free BBQ (big thanks and snogs to Monica and Althea for donating their time and amazing burger cooking abilities), the third Scherazade - a showcase of local women filmmakers' talents, and the week dimaxed with a performance by the beautiful Ophelia's Attitude and a girl's night out at the Rec Club on Friday.

Looking back a little further, the UQ Student Union sent a record number of women to this year's NOWSA (Network of Women's Students Australia) conference at the Uni of Western Sydney, Nepean. The conference ran for a week and gave women a chance to network, share ideas, discuss politics/ the intricacies of women only space/ life/ the universe/ union catering and a million of other topics. It was a great chance for some women who had never been involved in the women's area (let alone the phantasmagoric Student Union - no this is not a spelling mistake, 'think about it!!) to get involved in women stu

dents' political and activism at a grassroots level. Whilst we're being honest it was also bloody great not to be on the organising collective this year. The women from Nepean were fantastic, but I personally felt that this year's NOWSA was a little hijacked by student politics, despite a number of awesome indigenous women speakers including an incredibly inspiring speech from Jenny Munroe, and thought provoking words from Sue Green, a Koori counsellor at the Uni of Sydney. As expected this year's Heretical was distributed to much acclaim and applause which brings me very neatly onto the topic of...

Heretical 98 (to be launched in O-Week 99). The deadline for articles is 3 September, which is probably about the time you are reading this Semper. If you have a burning desire to contribute and it is past the deadline, then come and see Moo, Less or Toni, and I'm sure we can be a little flexible. We need stories, articles, polemics, poetry, graphics, artwork, anything you want to rave about.

Heretical is a chance for women to see their work in print in a pretty lush-looking publication. It is also a great way to learn skills in layout, editing and design. Come and get involved...you know you want to!

There are also a few bits and pieces coming up in the next few months. Some dates for you are:

10 October (to be confirmed) - **International Lesbian Day** extravaganza. Come and see Moo or look out for publicity for more details.

30 October - **Reclaim the Night**. Women and children march through the streets of Brisbane (and in towns and cities around the world) to commemorate those who have suffered as a result of violence against women on the streets. Followed by a big celebration in Musgrave Park. Lots of other great stuff which we will publicise as soon as we get more details...Thanks to all who have been great whilst I was away getting my knee reconstructed. Your patience, understanding and lifts have made it heaps more bearable.

ENVIRONMENT
COLLECTIVE

Eleanor Glenn

Folks, it's a bit weird trying to write about something that is soon to be upon us as i put pen to paper, but will be history when you read this. That event is GREEN WEEK, and it should turn out to be (or was) the biggest and funest on-campus event of Environment Collective '98. So we've all been busy arranging speakers, workshops, films, art, an organic vegetarian feast, a parade around uni and field trips to Northey St City Farm (a community garden) and a revegetation site with Greening Australia. Thanks heaps to everyone who helped make it gel!

The Student Environment Activist Network, known as SEAN, is up and running again. It's basically a group of environmentally interested and inspired beings from campuses Queensland wide, keeping up to date with each other's projects. Thanks must go to Scott Alderson (NUS Environment Officer) for all the effort he has put into SEAN. Or ya Scotty.

As UQ Co-Environment Officer, I've been talking to library staff about trialing default double-siding and recycled paper, in a couple of photocopiers in SS&H library. Those special photocopiers will be clearly

marked so you can choose to use them or notÉ. But remember this: double-siding & using recycled paper will save trees & cute furry animals. because most uni paper is sourced at least in part from woodchipped forests in Victoria. Double-siding also means that your photocopies will weigh half as much and take up half the space in your bag. Mmmm.

On more global issues, Hiroshima Day was August 6th and Nagasaki Day / World Indigenous People's Day August 9th. In memory of Sedako and her wish to make 1000 paper cranes, Environment Collective, Women's Collective, the kids at Brisbane Independent School and heaps of others bitten by the origami bug, made paper cranes for remembrances held on the two days. (We didn't quite make it to 1000, but it was the thought that counted.)

All for now.

See ya on a oixe,
Eleanor Glenn.

P.S. ENVIRONMENT COLLECTIVE MEETINGS are every Monday 1-2pm, in the large Clubs & Socs room. The Environment Office & storeroom are now located inside Clubs and Socs. Yay! more space! we can breathe now.

Byron Bay Summer
Law School Dec, 1998

The School of Law and Justice at Southern Cross University is running a summer school at Byron Bay, one of the most beautiful locations in Australia, boasting magnificent scenery, golden beaches and a relaxed atmosphere.

Units (undergraduate) on offer are:

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- ☐ International Criminal Justice

Places are limited. For more information contact Sandra Power at Norsearch Ltd:



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GENERAL VICE-
PRESIDENT

Monica Taylor

I've been keeping myself busy since the commencement of Semester 2, but there are a couple of things in particular that I would LOVE to mention to you all... firstly, the Student Union's

CLASS REP NETWORK.

If you consider yourself to be a somewhat responsible individual, with an interest in Student Union affairs, then why not become a Class Rep? Class Rep's are students that become representatives of their class, (no, really?!) and communicate a range of information between their class and the Student Union. Current Union activities (eg. Green Week, free BBQ's and the Band Comp.) and Union campaigns (National Day of Action, 26th Aug) are the sorts of information that Class Reps are responsible for announcing to their class. Additionally, when it comes to dodgy assessment practices, unfair assignment marks or even poor quality lecturing, your role as a Class Rep becomes vital. Bringing these kinds of student concerns back to the Union ensures that we find out what is happening in your department, and how to deal with these concerns most effectively. Plus,

your class will love you forever...

If all this sounds pretty enticing, you can: give me a call (monica 33772200) or pick up a registration form from the Student Union Info Centre or the Student Union admin. (upstairs)

RIDESHARE

The Union's carpooling scheme is in full swing again for Semester 2 - it must be a very enviable set up, because I have been receiving enquiries from Student Union's all over the country about the scheme. For those of you that are tired of catching public transport, or live somewhere that isn't accessed by buses, Rideshare could be your solution. Alternatively, if you are a car driver and you have room in your vehicle for one more... it's time to register now! Registration forms are available from the usual spots; Student Union Info Centre (main refec.) Union administration (upstairs) and next to the Rideshare noticeboard (near the Forum area) Well, that's about it from me... take care!
monica,

THE BIG ISSUE AUSTRALIA

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Buy the magazine from Kayleen every Tues
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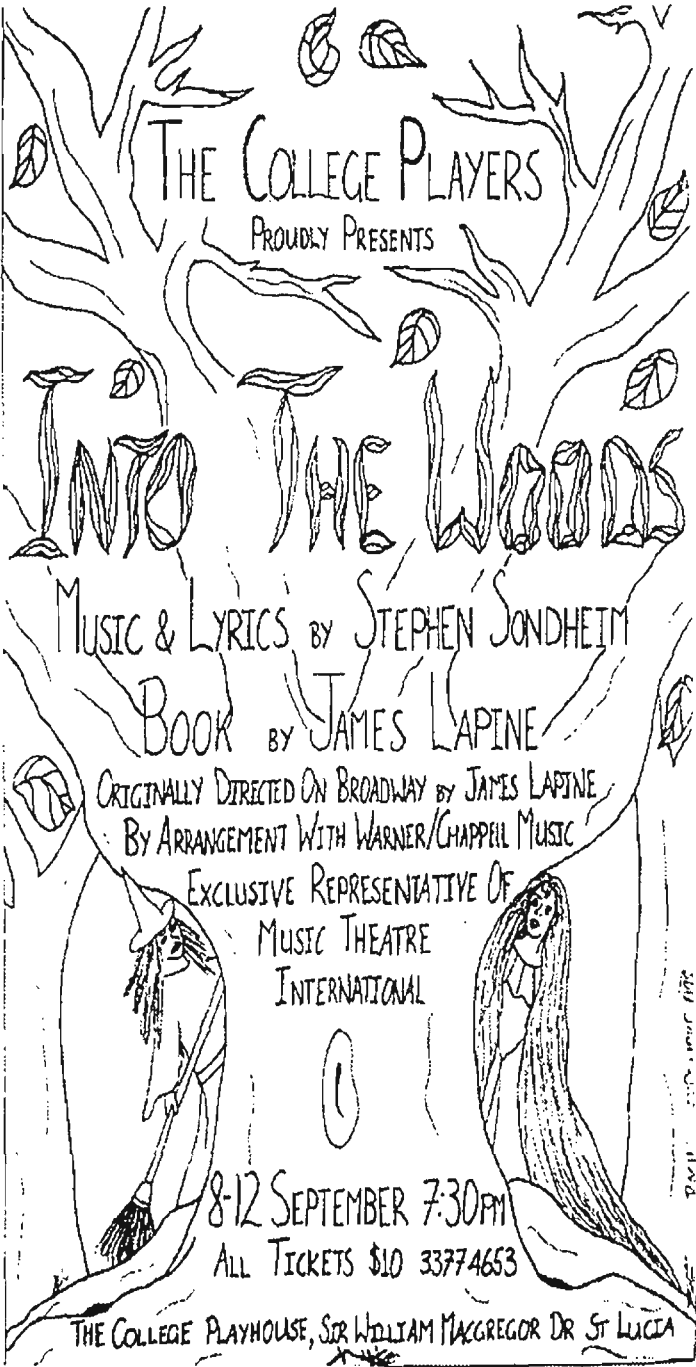
...so you die
a little...

written and directed by
Tony Brockman Et Matt Ryan

September 17th - October 3rd
(Wed - Sat inclusive)

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BULLETIN



A Food &
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Saturday 17
October
12-3pm
Central
Brunswick,
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Experience Brisbane's finest restaurants, premium
wines and an eclectic range of entertainment.

BCIS AGM

The Brisbane Council for International
Students is holding its AGM at 5.00pm on
Wednesday 16 September in Conference room 3
Yungaba Community Centre 1230 Main Street
Kangaroo Point (under the Story Bridge). The
AGM will be followed by the September
monthly meeting of the BCIS Executive
Committee.

Students and staff are welcome to nominate for
positions on the BCIS on 3891 7511.
Refreshments will be served. Everyone is wel-
come.

RSVP Anna Augunas BCIS
ph: 38917511

On Tuesday 15th September 1998 a
**GLOBAL RECORD
WILL BE BROKEN**

Chilli Club Fire Breathers in 5 cities in the Asia
Pacific: Auckland, Brisbane, Melbourne, Sydney
and Perth will perform spectacular shows simul-
taneously after declaring Friday 15th of
September 2000 as WORLD PEACE DAY and
requesting all nations to align with their stand
by laying down their arms for that day.

We invite those of you who align with sharing
the conversation for World Peace or anybody
who wishes to be part of the Opening Ceremony
of Sydney 2000 Olympics, join us at Southbank
Parklands (Flag Court, main entry) at 6pm, 15th
September

More Information:
email: nadia-vibe@hotmail.com
ph: 3376 3608

BOARD

Student Centre Construction Under Way

Last week work commenced on level 1 of the JD Story Building as a precursor to the construction of the Student Centre. The eastern end of the building is being reconfigured to provide a larger area for Australia Post, and to accomodate the Commonwealth Bank which will vacate the western end of the building.

Once the Commonwealth Bank and offices adjoining it are vacated, construction will commence on the Student Centre, which will be operational in January 1999.

The Centre will be a one-stop-shop, where staff will assist students with issues relating to virtually the gamut of administrative transactions or questions they may have. It will provide services for all students - undergraduate, postgraduate, domestic and international. Students will be able to go to the Centre for advice on matters relating to course offerings, admission, enrolment, fees, HECS liability, examinations, exclusion, prizes and scholarships, graduation, academic transcripts, traffic and parking, and lodgement of forms and related materials (including lodgement of theses); any payments will be made at the adjoining Cashier stations.

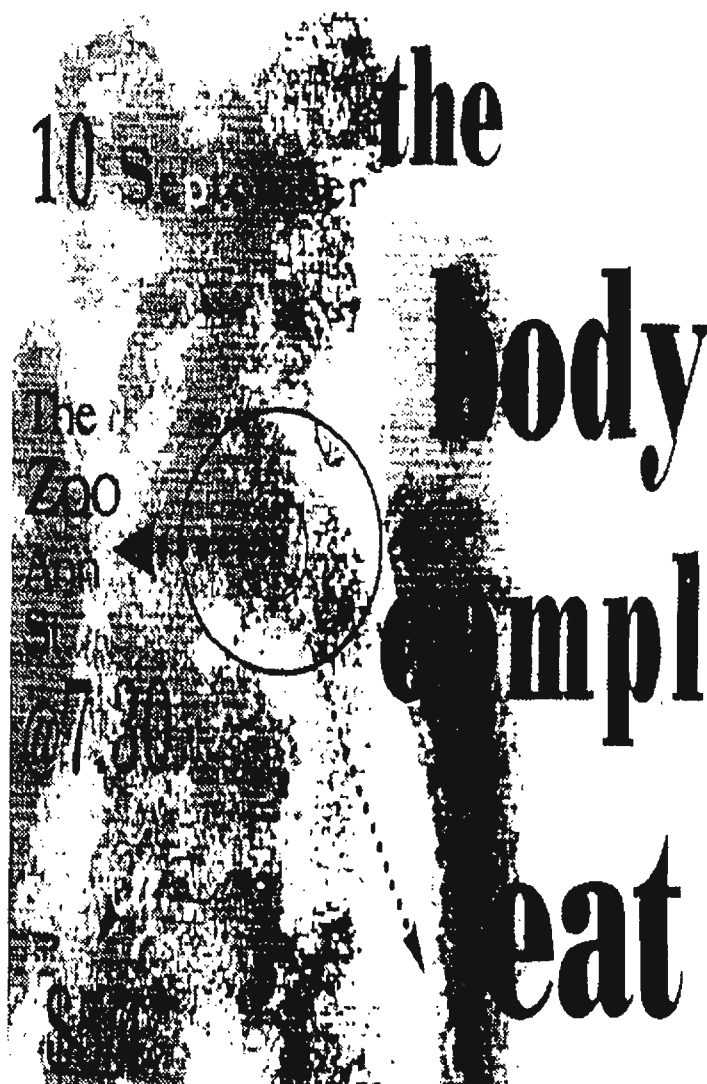
Self-help terminals and a range of brochures, forms and related information will be available in the Centre.

Students already have 24 hour access via the Student Information Network (SI-Net) through which they can amend or check their enrolment, obtain class and examination timetables, check results, obtain an unofficial statement of their academic record, and look up important dates. By January next, they will be able to access a much wider range of information electronically at their convenience - from home, from PCs or terminals elsewhere on any of the University's campuses, or within the Student Centre.

For further information contact Gay Westmore, Director, Student Administration; ext 54759
email g.westmore@mailbox.uq.edu.au



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ACTIVITIES

2 September FREE Band& BBQ
Pizza Caffé, 1pm

3 September Heretical Deadline

4 September Triple J Breakfast
Crew Mayne Hall, 6am

10 September Coffee Shop
Cabaret 12.30pm

11 September JAZZNIKS - "Step it
Up" Pizza Caffé, 7pm

16 September FREE Band & BBQ
Pizza Caffé, 1pm

17 September Outdoor Movies

8 October Coffee Shop Cabaret
12.30pm

13 October Theatre Sports Night

14 October FREE Band & BBQ
Pizza Caffé, 1pm

15 October OKTOBERFEST Rec Club

20 October Trivia Night Holt Room



It's a shame that it is at such a sorrowful occasion that we've all come together again. Looking around the crowd of faces at the cemetery I can pick out at least one hundred that are instantly familiar and that I can put a name to. Another fifty or so are familiar but it would take some brain power to remember names, brain power that I just don't have the energy to exert at the moment.

We have all gathered to farewell a great and very dear friend, someone so full of life in the years that we were close, before the end of school blew us all to the four winds that when news of his suicide was broken it took me days to comprehend, let alone believe. The number of people here is a testament to the way in which our friend touched the lives of everyone he met. This may sound like a cliché but Pat was the one person I've ever met for whom making friends was an inevitability and making enemies a near-impossibility.

And so we've all gathered on this windy hilltop to watch him being lowered into the rich, red volcanic soil of Goonelabah, watching in disbelief as our friend disappears beneath the lip of earth on his final descent. I am so glad of my father's presence at my side at this, the most difficult moment of the whole gruesome day. I put my arm around him and break down, I can't hold it in anymore, I won't. Dad leans over, tears running down his own cheeks, and says, 'Have a cry for your brother, cry for Jim' and that sets me off. Its probably the first time I've cried in over five years.

The entire crowd stands mesmerised while Pat's sister sings, her voice rising achingly above the sighing of the wind in the casuarinas and the sobbing of the gathered mourners. The coffin is sent to the bottom of Pat's final claim on this earth and after the appropriate words have been spoken and the people have said what goodbyes they feel necessary, the crowd begins to disperse.

Small groups begin to form and people discuss what movements they'll make afterwards, where the wake will be held. The family moves off as a unit towards the waiting car but Pat's brother, also an old friend, circulates, greeting and thanking everyone he can. I feel nothing but admiration at this show of strength. If put in the same situation I would be a wreck I'm sure.

I speak to him for a short while but can think of nothing to say and start out badly with the completely inane 'How's it going?' and instantly regret it. He takes it in his stride and we share a cigarette then he moves on.

At this point I walk over to the grave and look in. It is only now that I can't but believe it, seeing the coffin sitting there, covered in carnations and one enormous lump of marijuana (an offering from an old friend), he is irretrievably lost to us all.

I start crying quietly as I drop in rose petals for all the people who could not be there this day but who I know would have wanted to be. There are so many that one rose is not sufficient so on the last petal I finish with 'and everyone else who knew and loved him' and turn away, wiping my eyes.

I recently visited Pat's grave, six months after the funeral. The cemetery was deserted except for two old ladies replacing the flowers on the grave of a loved one; it took me some time to find and when I did I was shocked. All that remained of my friend was a small plaque set into the ground and some wilted flowers. Pat deserved more than this, he should still be alive and turning up at our door unexpectedly with a bottle of Jim Beam under his arm and an irrepressible grin plastered on his face, telling tales of midnight leaps from helicopters and all night drinking binges in King's Cross.

He may have become just on more statistic, one more young Australian to take his own life, but to me he will always be more. Pat was a friend, a comrade and a partner in crime during that time of my life which my parents' generation refer to as 'the best years of your life', my school years. He was well loved and will be sorely missed by friends and family for a long time yet.

cass selwood

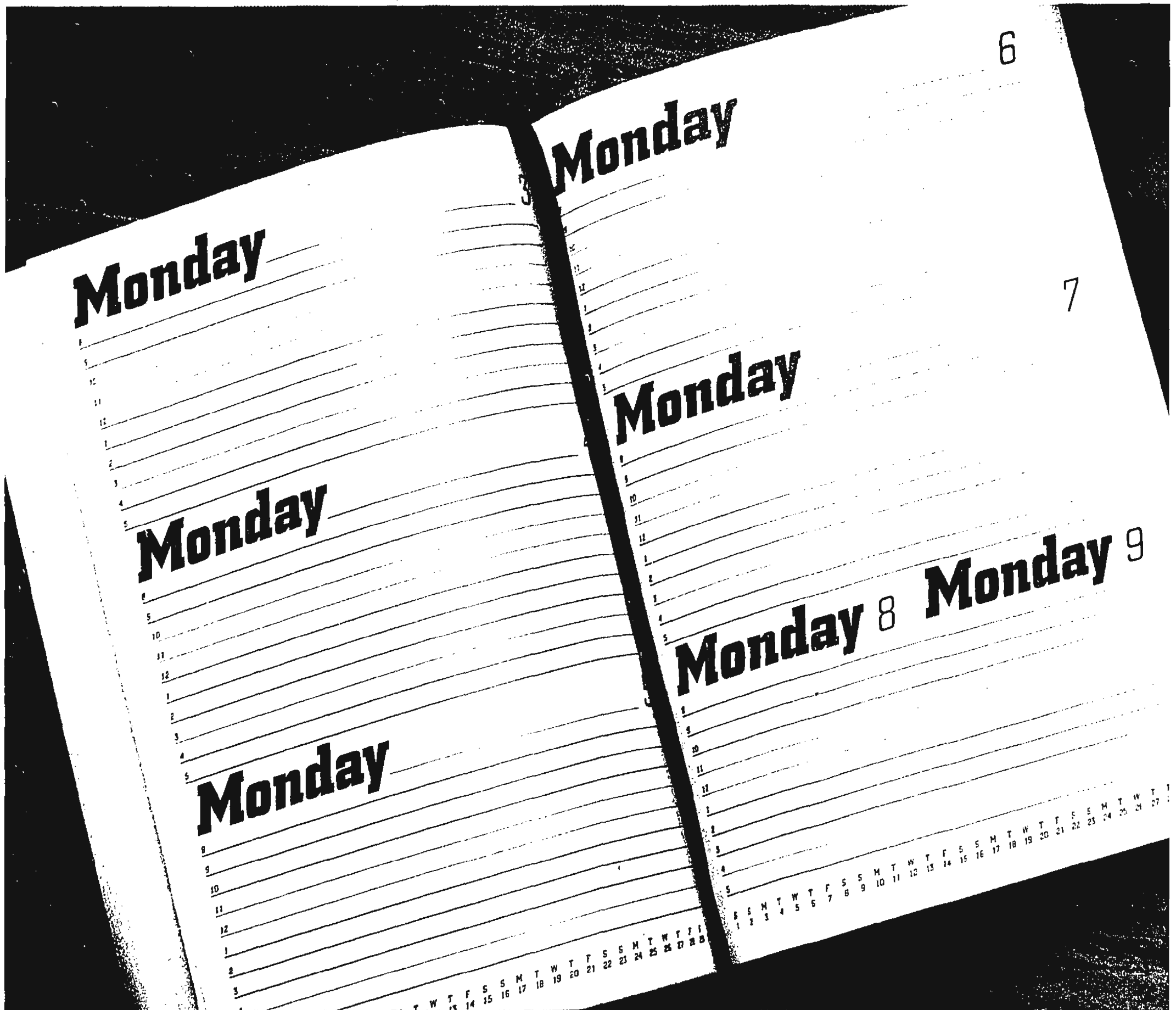




...d...

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Don't be boring and don't be late.



NEED SOME ENERGY TO GET THROUGH THE DAY?

